

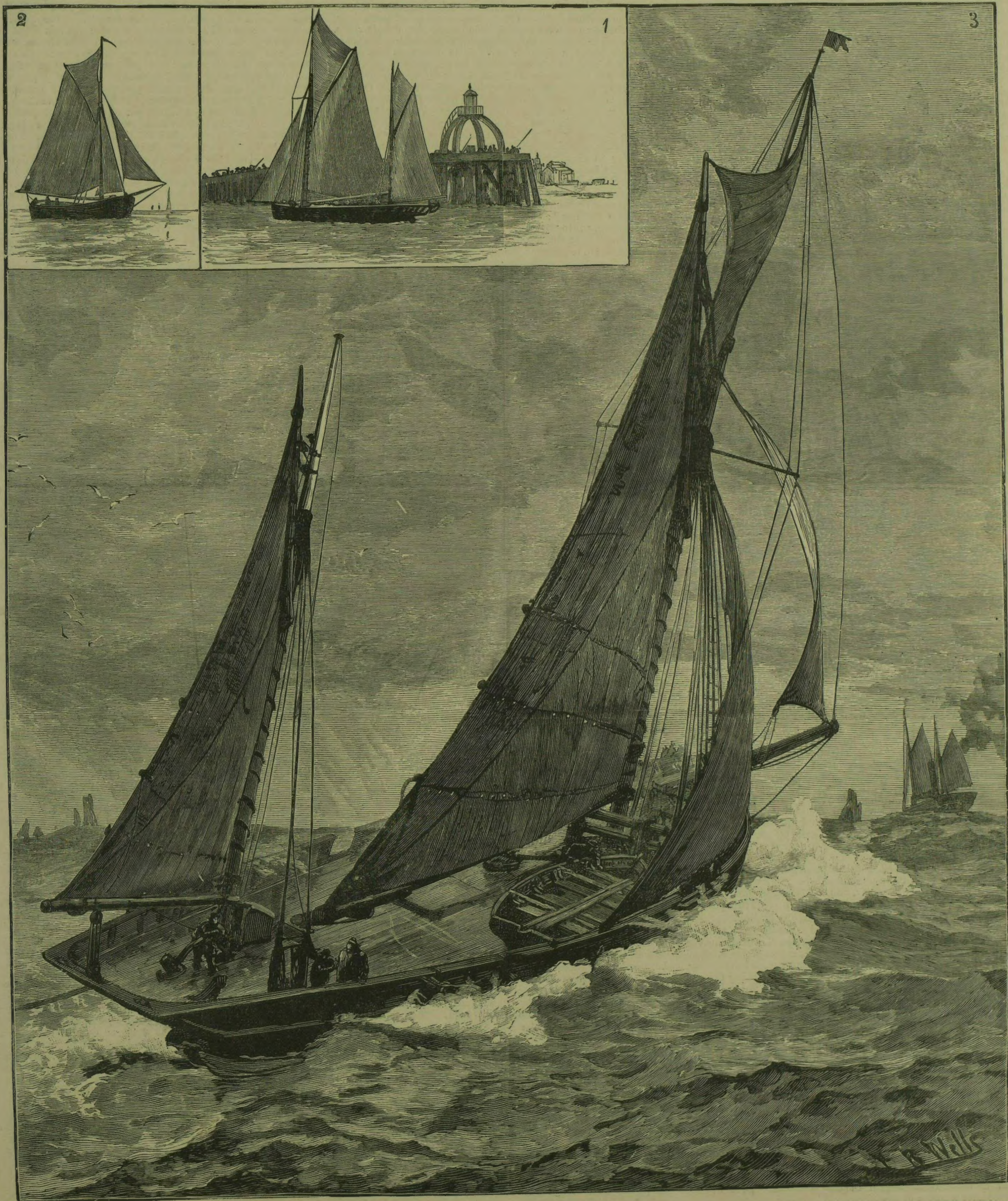
THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 3, 1887.

TWO } SIXPENCE.
WHOLE SHEETS } By Post, 6½d.



1. British Smack running into Ostend.

2. A Belgian Trawler.

3. British Trawlers in the North Sea.

THE RIOTS AT OSTEND: ILLUSTRATIONS OF ENGLISH AND BELGIAN FISHING-BOATS.

THE SILENT MEMBER.

One views things differently in town and country. In the restful seclusion of Hatfield, Lord Salisbury possibly shook his sides with that Homeric laughter he sometimes indulges in when he came to contrast Mr. Gladstone's last aggressive Irish speech in Parliament—delivered with all the vehemence of which he is still capable—with the right hon. gentleman's markedly loyal Jubilee address to his Hawarden tenants on Tuesday last. In glowing periods, Mr. Gladstone paid her Majesty the warmest Jubilee tribute the Queen has yet received. Where the Prime Minister's smile came in was probably in reading the passage in which Mr. Gladstone declared with Gladstonian emphasis that the Queen, in giving her sanction to various Bills, accorded not "a forced nor a grudging, but a willing consent, and has thereby made herself the prime benefactor of the country." It would have been hard if the Marquis of Salisbury could not have construed this as meaning that her Majesty had given "willing consent" to the latest Irish Repression of Crime Act.

The House of Commons was comparatively full again when Mr. Gladstone, white flower in button-hole, rose from his seat on the front Opposition bench, on the Twenty-fifth of August, and poured forth the inexhaustible vials of his wrath on Mr. Arthur Balfour and the Government for their Proclamation of the Irish National League. The right hon. gentleman was in good form and in good voice. Sir Salar Jung, in the distinguished visitors' gallery (one of the best-tempered and most English-looking of the many Indian notabilities drawn to London in this Jubilee year), saw and heard Mr. Gladstone at his best. Full of his incomparable energy, upright as a dart, the veteran statesman rightly designated by the late Lord Idlesleigh "The Grand Old Man," held the attention of his listeners for an hour and ten minutes. In moving that an Address be presented to the Queen praying that the Proclamation of the Irish National League be not enforced, Mr. Gladstone said, "This Bill is a new form of suspending the Habeas Corpus." Leaning back with folded arms, Mr. Chamberlain listened with apparent coldness to the earnest sentences; whilst Lord Hartington occasionally took notes. Similarly occupied on the Ministerial side was that candid friend of the Government, Mr. Hanbury, sturdy benchman of Lord Randolph Churchill, who veiled his interest in the usual way—i.e., by twirling his moustache. Mr. Gladstone eloquently justified the action of the National League on the score that it mainly sought to secure for poor Irish tenants what English landlords as a rule did of their own accord—namely, to mitigate distress in agricultural districts by freely granting remissions of rent.

It was with full confidence in the justice of the Government policy that Mr. Arthur James Balfour replied—to justify the Proclamation of the League on the grounds that under its auspices some five thousand persons were yet subjected to boycotting in Ireland. Mr. Balfour cited a multitude of cases of persecution in the course of his able and most vigorously delivered speech. The Secretary for Ireland was answered by Mr. E. Harrington. On the second night, Sir George Trevelyan took his stand by Mr. Gladstone; but Lord Hartington, while not approving altogether the proclaiming of the League, voted once again for the Government, and was vivaciously assailed with ponderous eloquence in consequence by Sir William Harcourt, to whom Mr. Goschen replied with much liveliness. The moderation of Mr. Healy's speech at the close of the debate was a surprise. "By a large majority" was the Government victorious; but there was a slight error in taking the division in the small hours of Saturday morning. This was pointed out on Monday by Mr. Arnold Morley, the chief Liberal "whip," who said there were 195, instead of 194, ayes. The noes were 272. Hence the Ministerial majority was 77.

The venerable Irish Nationalist, The O'Gorman Mahon, was among Mr. Gladstone's most attentive auditors; but the well-preserved hon. member, re-entering the House for county Carlow, did not take the oath and his seat till the Friday evening. His effusive hand-shaking with Mr. W. H. Smith and Mr. Balfour, and his dropping into the place vacant next Mr. Gladstone on the front Opposition bench, occasioned some diversion.

A satisfactory announcement was made, and useful business was done, on Saturday last. Mr. Matthews elicited approving cheers, quite deservedly, by informing Sir J. Kennaway that the members of the "Salvation Army" rather harshly imprisoned in Stamford would be released by special order. The beneficial legislation referred to was the Labourers' Allotments Bill, designed to give Hodge some facilities for acquiring the "three acres and a cow," the summum bonum of Mr. Jesse Collings. It is shrewdly, and perhaps correctly, surmised that the return of Mr. Halley Stewart for the Spalding division of Lincolnshire induced the Government to introduce this small measure of peasant proprietorship.

Two more noteworthy Parliamentary facts. Our admirable Colonial Secretary, Sir Henry Holland, was on Monday enabled to assure the House that Sir John Macdonald had been misreported when he was made to declare the Canadian Government would apply for Imperial troops to prevent Manitobans from continuing the railway from Winnipeg to the United States frontier. Lord Lansdowne has prohibited the projected railway because it would injure the Canadian Pacific line. Then, on Tuesday, Sir James Fergusson made an important statement respecting the fishery disputes between the United States and Canada. He said Mr. Chamberlain had accepted the post of First English Commissioner on the new Fishery Commission to be appointed. So far as acuteness of intellect, businesslike capacity, and the talent of pithy speech go, Mr. Chamberlain is excellently qualified to fill this post.

The grim humour of Mr. Timothy Healy, implacable critic of the Government, led to an animated scene on Tuesday. In Committee of Supply on the Irish Estimates, Mr. Healy heaved a passing sigh for the courteous administration of Sir Michael Hicks Beach; but roundly rated Mr. Balfour for his inefficiency, and for his inconsiderateness, especially in appointing Colonel King-Harman Under-Secretary. This was the unkindest cut of all. For it seems that the gallant Colonel (as he explained when called from dinner) had saved Mr. Healy's life during an election disturbance in Ireland. At any rate, Colonel King-Harman stoutly denied the truth of one and all the injurious allegations brought against him, and presented a manly front to his discomfited foes. Again and again by commanding firmness and strict impartiality did Mr. Leonard Courtney restore the unruly and excited orators to order, and prove himself an unrivalled Chairman of Committees.

The result of the election in North Huntingdon on Tuesday gave Mr. Fellowes, the Conservative candidate, a majority of 286 over Mr. H. Sanders, the Liberal Home Ruler. But as this shows that the Conservative vote is diminished by 121 as compared with the numbers polled at the General Election, Mr. Gladstone will probably extract as much consolation as he can from that fact, thus sustaining the optimist view he has maintained at length in his electoral article in the September number of the *Nineteenth Century* magazine.

THE OSTEND FISHERY DISPUTE.

The deplorable riots and acts of violence prevailing last week among the lower classes of the population at Ostend were sternly repressed by the Belgian military force. The troops, on Wednesday week, had to fire on the infuriated mob; two men were shot dead, and five others were seriously wounded. Much ill-feeling of the Ostend fishermen towards English fishermen landing their fish in that port has been fermenting for a long time past. The violent scenes which have been enacted during the last few days are regarded as arising out of the old feuds which have taken place from time to time in the North Sea and on other fishing grounds. This, it is alleged, is the substantial grievance, even more so than the question of Englishmen landing fish in Belgium duty free; though Belgian fishermen complain, also, that they have to pay heavy duties in France, while in England the syndicates of middlemen prevent them from selling their fish. The riots are further attributable to the protectionist measures favoured by the Chambers, and especially to the duties on foreign cattle and meat. The aim of the fishermen is to prevent foreigners, especially Englishmen, from selling fish in Ostend. In that port the fishermen number 1100, and there are sixteen boat-owners and 190 boats. The families of these men are suffering great misery. A few English fishing-boats and sailing-vessels, chiefly from Ramsgate, and an occasional steam-trawler, in later years, from other parts, fishing on the North Sea banks, have for many years been in the habit, during their voyages, of putting into Ostend and selling their fish; but most of them also make the port a convenience for obtaining fresh supplies of provisions, so that the town derives considerable benefit from their visits. With regard to import duty, although French fishing-boats are frequently found in English ports, it is a curious fact that a Belgian fishing-boat is rarely found in an English port with fish, the reason usually assigned being that the Belgian vessels find their own ports within easier reach. Ostend, which is a favourite sea-bathing resort of English, French, German, and other foreign visitors, may probably be more interested in getting an abundant supply of fish than in giving a monopoly of the trade to native fishermen. The English smacks fishing in the North Sea are fine craft, ranging from fifty to eighty tons, capable of standing any weather. They fish in large fleets; sometimes there will be as many as 150 vessels in a fleet. The fish are fetched home to English ports by a fleet of steam carriers running to Billingsgate, Grimsby, and Yarmouth. During the winter a large number go "single boating"; that is, they fish by themselves, each smack running into port with its own catch. Our illustrations represent specimens of the English and Belgian craft employed in this trade; one lying at the pier at Ostend.

The evictions on the O'Grady estate, Herbertstown, in the county of Limerick, were begun on Tuesday, a great force of military and constabulary being present. Considerable resistance was offered.

Over 30,000 Foresters and their friends congregated at the Crystal Palace on Monday to celebrate the thirty-second annual fête in aid of the benevolent and asylum funds belonging to the order.

The Queensland Royal Mail Steamer Waronga left Gravesend last week with the following emigrants on board:—91 single men, 166 single women, and 217 married couples and children.

The field operations of the Aldershot Division, which had been in progress just six weeks, were brought to a close on Tuesday by the return to the camp of the Third Field Column, commanded by Major-General Philip Smith.

The results of the Oxford and Cambridge examinations have been published. There were 992 candidates for higher certificates from sixty-eight schools and colleges, and 588 are awarded. There were 457 candidates for lower certificates from twenty-two schools and colleges, 273 being awarded.

On Tuesday the Archbishop of Canterbury was present at the annual festival of the Associates of Girls' Friendly Society in Chester county, which took place in Knutsford parish church. The address was delivered by his Grace, who was the guest of Lord Egerton of Tatton.

Mr. Raikes on Monday received a petition signed by 1900 London postmen, and presented on their behalf by Mr. Lawson, M.P., asking for an increase of pay, a reduction in the hours of labour, and other changes. The Postmaster-General promised that the subject should receive his immediate attention.

The "provincial" National Eisteddfod of Wales, extending over three days, was inaugurated at Portmadoc on Thursday week, under the presidency of the Lord Lieutenant of Carnarvonshire. On Friday the president, Mr. Oakely, announced, amid loud cheering, that the Queen would next year pay a visit to North Wales.

Last Saturday the treasurer and secretary of the Total Abstinence Sons of the Phoenix paid in to the funds of the Royal Hospital for Diseases of the Chest, City-road, £28, being the amount collected at a church parade on the previous Sunday, at the church of St. Philip, Clerkenwell. This amount, added to the results of previous church parades held by the Sons of the Phoenix, during the past two years, makes a total of £302 collected by them and handed to this hospital, in aid of its greatly increased annual expenditure, caused by the erection of the new wing, containing eighty beds.

Some discussion has recently been provoked by a sceptical French traveller expressing his disbelief in the existence of the Great Wall of China. It will, however, be readily understood that the only question to be entertained for a moment by serious inquirers relates to the supposed length of the wall, which has usually been described as extending 1400 miles along the northern or Mongolian frontier of the empire. The portion of the wall three or four days' journey from Peking is as well known as the Pyramids of Egypt, and has very often been minutely described, and represented in a variety of sketches, more than once in our own pages. Mr. W. Simpson, our Special Artist, has arranged to exhibit his picture of "The Great Wall of China" at the establishment of Messrs. Colnaghi, Pall-mall East, where it is now to be seen.

In London, 2521 births and 1490 deaths were registered last week. Allowing for increase of population, the births were 159, and the deaths 38, below the average numbers in the corresponding weeks of the last ten years. The deaths included 29 from measles, 36 from scarlet fever, 24 from diphtheria, 51 from whooping-cough, 13 from enteric fever, 191 from diarrhoea and dysentery, 3 from cholera and choleraic diarrhoea. The deaths referred to diseases of the respiratory organs, which had risen from 158 to 178 in the three preceding weeks, declined again last week to 160, and were 16 below the corrected average. Different forms of violence caused 50 deaths; 43 were the result of negligence or accident, among which were 13 from fractures and contusions, 3 from burns and scalds, 10 from drowning, 5 from poison, and 6 of infants under one year of age from suffocation. Six cases of suicide were registered.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

Her Majesty's decision to employ the Women's Jubilee Offering for the promotion of nursing or the benefit of nurses, has at least this advantage—that nobody can carp or jeer at the object. It is one which must command sympathy and approval from the subscribers generally. The committee have been requested by the Queen to prepare a scheme for the appropriation of the fund in this manner, and it yet remains uncertain what suggestions they can usefully make to her Majesty. The ground is already tolerably fully occupied. The situation of society in this respect is altogether different to-day from that which existed thirty years ago, when the greatest of nurses appropriated the testimonial raised for her by a thankful nation to the establishment of "The Nightingale Fund Training School for Nurses." The need for trained nurses is now abundantly recognised; Miss Nightingale's arrangements in connection with St. Thomas's Hospital have shown how such training should be given; and accordingly the supply of fully taught and qualified nurses, both for hospitals and for private work, is now large. There is no reason to think that the supply provided by voluntary organisations is not large enough for the demand, so far as the demand exists at the present rate of payment for such services. If this be the case, the application of her Majesty's gift to training and providing nurses on the same lines as those now pursued can clearly only result in shutting up some of the voluntary institutions at present at work.

The demand for trained nurses at a cheaper rate of payment would, of course, be far greater than it is at the present rate. Between the poorest class, whose homes are such as to render the residence of a nurse in them impossible, and the well-to-do, who employ a trained nurse in illness as a matter of course, there comes a large class of the community who cannot afford to pay two guineas weekly and "find the keep" of the nurse, but who would thankfully pay a few shillings for trained help, and provide a nurse's board, when serious illness enters their doors. But those few shillings will not alone remunerate a nurse sufficiently. Is it possible to arrange any plan by which nurses, partly paid out of a charitable benefaction, can be supplied to the lower middle and artisan classes? There is no doubt that it would be a great and widespread blessing if her Majesty's gift could be used for this object. But the difficulty would be in selecting the people to be thus assisted; in preventing persons who are quite well able to pay the full charge from throwing themselves on the charity, thus at once depriving the present voluntary institutions of their due support and the poorer sufferers of the benefits designed for them. "Proper pride" can by no means be trusted in this matter. The history of innumerable charity schools shows that people who are perfectly able to pay for the education of their own children have, without shame, filched the benefit from the classes who were weaker precisely because more needy. Medical charity is even more liable to abuse than educational, as every hospital board knows. There is no doubt that if the Queen's presentation be used to found a cheap nursing institution, the nurses will always be in full demand; but it is, on the other hand, very doubtful if they will go to the class of persons who ought to have nursing provided for them by charity. However, to found a scheme for safeguarding the arrangement in some degree ought not to be beyond the ingenuity of experienced organisers of charity. Personally, I cannot but remain convinced that the technical education of women, domestic and industrial, would have been a more worthy object of her Majesty's benefaction than any eleemosynary aid, even than such aid devoted to sick people.

There is a wonderful new discovery in surgery which everybody ought to hear about. A substance called cocaine has been found to have the remarkable property of causing complete insensibility in the ends of the particular nerves to which it can be efficiently applied, while producing no effect on the brain or on the system generally. It has been used in eye operations; but that is a subject which it is of no practical use for me to write about here, inasmuch as only a surgeon can say what is necessary in any given case. But about dentistry there is not that doubt. People should know that this new method can secure painless treatment, in order to encourage all practitioners of that fearsome but necessary art to acquaint themselves with its action. The cocaine is injected through a tiny syringe into the gum; and sensibility is so deadened thereby that even the extraction of a tooth becomes painless, if not entirely unfeared.

This discovery is of little consequence to people to whom "laughing gas" is available; but there are some who suffer more under this anæsthetic than they would do without it. Such was my own experience. I have only once been placed under the influence of nitrous oxide gas. First, there was a loud booming in my head; then I did not know precisely what was happening to me, but I knew that I was suffering intensely, and that I was helpless, and could not do anything whatever to extricate myself. My impression, to be explicit, was that I was suddenly attacked, in a road, by a howling and implacable mob, armed with sticks and stones, who battered me because of my unpopular political utterances. Egregious vanity, to suppose my opinions worth suppressing by mob murder! But I gained no support from the pride of martyrdom! I remember well how intensely conscious I was of the injustice of such barbarous cruelty, when in all that I had done I had sought only the good of the very class who attacked me; and then there was the horror of being powerless to defend myself. The surgeon who administered the gas informed me that I was but two and a half minutes under its influence. I can only aver that it seemed to me ten times as long, that I suffered the tortures of a violent death, and that nothing would make me go through it again. I have taken chloroform several times with precisely the reverse train of symptoms. Under chloroform I have been quite conscious of what was happening and of my own personality, but unconscious of suffering; while under nitrous oxide the pain was intensified, but perception was clouded, and the support to the nerves of conscious will and hope was removed.

This would be by no means worth relating if it were my experience alone. But I have inquired widely, and I find that a great many other people, especially women, have suffered in like manner. To all such, it must be delightful news that the new expedient relieves them from the prospect of again encountering the ordeal of "taking gas." A friend of mine, another woman of letters, who spent her period "under gas" in terrible mourning, in imagination, over the death of her dearest, has recently had a tooth extracted by the aid of cocaine without any pain. "I could feel the tooth moving out, but it did not hurt in the least," is her account of her experience. Of course, it is possible that there may be persons whom this local anæsthetic may not suit, just as there are many to whom the nitrous oxide gas is in no way unpleasant or inefficient in its action. No one who has to "take gas" for the first time should be alarmed by my dreadful experiences; it may suit any other given individual perfectly. I am acquainted with one lady who has been "under gas" sixteen times, and seems to like it.

F. F. M.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

Mr. R. C. Carton and Mr. Cecil Raleigh in their new play, "The Pointsman," clearly show that they despise conventionality. If ever there is to be a new school of dramatists there they will be found in the front rank. They are determined to be as original in their form and construction, as in their ethics. Away with such commonplace ideas as sympathy, tenderness, emotion, idealism—they will have none of them. No furtive tears shall course down the cheeks of the audience of the future. Men's hearts shall not beat with the suggestion of one noble emotion. Women's thoughts shall not be directed to anything noble, or devoted, or unselfish, or heroic. The modern dramatist makes a study of the morbid and the miserable. Everything that is aggressive, inharmonious, and discordant in life is to have a place in the new drama of to-day. Instead of going out of their way to paint life, and to describe men and women as a little more noble, and self-sacrificing, and honest, and pure, our young authors determine to show us how much viler life is than we believe it to be, how much more cruel man, how much weaker his helpmate—woman. The story told in "The Pointsman" is vivid and vigorous, its incidents are lurid and aggressive, action is everywhere preferred to contemplation, comedy is put on one side for sensation; the play contains a downright murder and several assaults, scenes innumerable of squalid drunkenness and debauchery, harrowing scenes, grim and ghastly tableaux of wrecked homes and sudden accidents: but in the whole catalogue of characterisation not one man we can respect and not one woman we can love. This is the new doctrine of the realists advancing to the stage. They tell us that our amusement is to consist, not in seeing human nature as it might be, but as it really is in all its nakedness, its shamelessness, and depravity. We are to be aroused to the truth of what is going on around us by the report of the pistol, the gleam of the assassin's knife, the thud of the murderer's bludgeon. At wickedness we are to laugh, and at cruelty we are to chuckle. Were we to tell these realists that they are not real at all, that their facts are more astounding than the bulk of fiction, that they distort human nature for their own purpose, they would probably smile scornfully at the statement. Were we to assure them that no extravagance of sentimentalists, no stretch of optimism, no flight into poetry, no aim at idealism is so far-fetched as their essays in realism, they would mock at such an argument. But it is true for all that. Fine old-crested virtue, as it is called, has gone out, because it is supposed to be unreal, extravagant, and far-fetched; but its place has been taken by new young-crested vice, and of the two the former is decidedly the least nauseous to the educated palate. The young squire and the village rose of old-fashioned melodrama have been shown the door, and their places have been taken by the cracksmen and the wanton. The hero of modern drama no longer breaks his way through difficulty, doubt, and despair to an end of happiness; but, dagger in hand and pistol in pocket, he butchers and blusters to the jail, the gallows, or the suicide's grave.

Some have said, and with some truth, that "The Pointsman" is a play without a hero or heroine. It has no hero or heroine as they were once regarded in dramatic fiction. But no one has dared to say that the true hero of "The Pointsman," the man for whom our sympathies are enlisted, the man whose defiant villainy is palliated, the man whose cruelty to woman and treachery to man are in a measure absolved, is Richard Dugdale, the showy scoundrel played by Mr. E. S. Willard. It will not do to tell us that this man, at the conclusion, is shot like a dog, and that virtue is thereby satisfied. All through the play, by word and action, he has been secretly telling us and quietly persuading us how the precepts of the world, chivalry towards woman and loyalty to man, can be made to bend under the heel of rascality when it is shod with sufficient iron. No cringing cur, no hangdog cut-throat, is this handsome and defiant murderer. He kicks his victims with dress boots, and strangles them with kid gloves. He has an eye to threaten and command, a manner to soothe, a tongue to lie softly. It is his attitude towards women that instinctively causes the audience to shudder. Here is a man who, in the case of the woman he has betrayed, has behaved with unspeakable heartlessness. He has ruined her under promise of marriage, taken her from a good home, introduced her to thieves and cut-throats, and kicked her out of his house, with a miserable pittance, as a bad bargain; and when the woman, aroused by his taunts and brutality, uplifts her voice to avenge her wrongs, what happens? Is the coward abashed and the woman triumphant? Not a bit of it. One glance, one command, and the outraged woman crawls back to the feet of her handsome bully, accepting his embraces and hungry for his forgiveness. Surely such a woman as this, so weak and half-spirited a creature, so untrue to her attributes of womanhood, cannot be regarded in the light of a heroine. And yet the canonisation of vice in the modern drama demands such enfeebled specimens of humanity. With whom, then, are we to sympathise in this clever and dangerously persuasive play? Is it really to be in Richard Dugdale, murderer, liar, and thief? In his wretched, despairing victim, Lizzie, who is as tame in his hands as a poor rabbit under the fascination of a serpent? In her sister Esther, whose violent virtue is made unpalatable by her trick of shrewishness and her pet Pharisaism? In Tom Lidstone, whose upright conduct would be all the more agreeable if it were not accompanied by so much self-conscious preaching, and whose domestic virtue breaks down at the first trial? In Black George, one of the most extraordinary specimens of humanity who ever existed outside a temperance tract, who one moment is so goody-goody that butter will not melt in his mouth, the next—for no apparent cause—he is a wife-beater, a blasphemer, and a drunkard, and, five minutes afterwards, is discovered, clothed and in his right mind, the pattern of all the virtues? Seldom have so many disagreeable people been gathered together for our amusement and edification. We shall be told that people go to the play now-a-days to see and hear; not to think. In "The Pointsman" there is plenty to see—murders and railway accidents and drunken squabbles; plenty to hear in pistol shots and the "shrill-edged shriek" of the outraged woman; and from the point of view insisted on by the authors the play is vigorous and clever. Mr. Willard devotes all his power and intelligence, all his delicacy of touch and subtlety of conception to the manufacture of an impossible man, a man who caricatures vice quite as strongly as the old hero of romance exaggerated virtue. Miss Maud Milton, as the woebegone heroine, Miss Agnes Hewitt as her aggressively virtuous sister, and Miss Helen Ferrers as a pleasant chatty friend, all give conscientious aid to a play that is put on the stage with all the advantage and resources of modern stage appliance. Mr. Grahame, who has a most difficult character to enact, gets out of the dilemma remarkably well, and Mr. J. P. Burnett is harmlessly funny. On the whole the best-played part is the youngest, by Mr. Bernard Gould, who is unfortunately killed in the prologue and naturally seen no more. The drama was received with great enthusiasm, but the authors must not be surprised if another verdict is given after calm consideration. It is the kind of play that excites for the moment and causes subsequently a reaction of thought.

The winter season that begins so soon this year has been started at the Opera Comique by a play as contrary to the laws of human nature as "The Pointsman," but not nearly so effective. Mr. John A. Stevens can hope to make very little headway with "A Secret Foe," a work altogether below the average work we expect in London. Probability is shocked at every turn, and there are no scenes of stirring merit or interest to compensate for much that is silly and more that is distasteful. The easy, gentlemanly manner of Mr. Boleyn, who, though a villain of deep dye, plays naturally, will contrast favourably with the stilted style of the author-actor, who is a loyal adherent to a school of acting that has long ago been laughed off the stage in England. Miss Dorothy Dene is pretty, very much in earnest, and powerful as a heroine who is not wholly sympathetic. She will learn in time to discipline her art and to know the value of restraint and repose.

The weeks ahead of us are full of promise and interest. The Drury-Lane drama of "Pleasure," which is to contain more comedy than serious interest; the return of Miss Mary Anderson to the Lyceum, as Perdita and Hermione, in "The Winter's Tale"; and the opening of the Novelty by Miss Harriett Jay with Robert Buchanan's "Blue Bells of Scotland," are the events of importance that stand out prominently.

The eighth issue of Mr. Austin Brereton's "Dramatic Notes," with clever illustrations by Mr. Morant Cox, has made its appearance, and is very welcome. This is an invaluable hand-book and work of reference, and this year it is additionally valuable, for its index is the best that has as yet been made.

SKETCHES IN BURMAH.

The Buddhist ecclesiastical institutions of Burmah have been repeatedly described. The presiding religious functionaries, called "Hpoongyes" or "Phoongyes" in different ways of European writing to represent the linguistic peculiarity of the initial aspirate, are a species of monks or friars, enjoying considerable endowed benefices, and exercising much influence over the people. They reside in the great "Kyoungs" or monasteries, which are collections of stately buildings, latterly neglected and decayed, but still inhabited by the clergy and their families, with numerous servants, who do not lead an ascetic life, though ceremonial observances are regularly practised. The reading of extracts from their sacred books, or the preaching of an occasional sermon, attracts a congregation of devout listeners, and this is the scene represented in the Sketch taken by one of our correspondents, Lieutenant E. R. Penrose, of the 23rd Bengal Light Infantry, at Pouk, in the Shan country. After a grand feast of the neighbouring "phoongyes," the senior of them is now treating his admirers to a post-prandial exhortation, which he has written on the large palm-leaf fan in his hand. All the people have their best clothes on; the women with flowers in their hair, and the men with brand new head-kerchiefs and waist-cloths of silk of the brightest colours. The conventicle here is merely a bamboo and thatch shanty, with a stage at one side, on which sits the august phoongye with the remains of his victuals around him. The rest of his brethren have gone to sleep off their debauch.

The famous Ruby Mines, situated in the hill country about seventy miles north-east of Mandalay, have been the subject of discussion with reference to the proposals for leasing and working them under the British Indian Government, which seems resolved for the present to keep this matter in abeyance. Mr. G. S. Streeter, of London, who not long ago was in Burmah visiting and examining these mines, has put at our disposal a set of photographs, two of which, presenting views of Mogok, the village that is the business centre of the district, are engraved for this week's publication. The mines have long been worked, in a rough and unscientific manner, by native undertakers, for King Theebaw and his predecessors; but the yield of precious stones has of late years become less valuable than it is said to have been in past ages. It is not improbable, however, that more important results may yet be obtained by the application of European capital and of superior skill to open the beds of rock hitherto left untouched; and there seems to be an ample supply of native labour.

THE ECLIPSE IN EASTERN RUSSIA.

Some of the German papers publish short notes about the eclipse which have reached them from Siberia and various stations in the Russian eastern provinces. At Tomsk the astronomers were able to observe not only the total eclipse but the corona in a very satisfactory way. In most houses it was necessary to light candles or lamps. The eclipse began at 10.22 a.m., and ended at 11.46. The weather was very fine and the sky clear. At Krasnoyarsk, in the government of Yeniseisk, the corona was very well photographed. At Irbit the period of absolute totality was at 8.44 a.m., and lasted 1½ minutes. Professor Strangevich, from Belgrade, was very successful in his observations at Petrovsk; he saw and photographed the green line in the corona. Professor Kononovich, of Odessa, was equally fortunate, obtaining photographs of the whole spectrum. At Ekaterinburg the eclipse began in a cloudless sky at 7.25 a.m., and lasted till 9.30. The temperature fell from 19 deg. Centigrade to 13 deg. (about 55½ Fahrenheit) at 8.37 a.m., and rose to 24 deg. (over 75 deg. Fahrenheit) after the eclipse. At Novocherkassk, the sky was cloudless; but only about a quarter of the sun's surface was obscured, the appearance presented being a reaping-hook with the handle and point uppermost. Photographic sketches were taken every five minutes. At Savidovo, the sky became suddenly clouded as the moment of the eclipse approached, and the sun was not visible till noon. The actual moment of the total eclipse could only be noted by the intense darkness which suddenly spread over the whole district. Here and there a yellowish or leaden-grey tint could be distinguished in the clouds, presenting a most weird appearance; and the strangeness of the scene was heightened by the profound disquiet and fear which seemed to have taken possession of the birds and the cattle in the fields.

The Archbishop of York leaves home for September. Business of an urgent kind can be referred to the Archdeacon during the month.

A soldiers' institute for York, the head-quarters of the Northern District, was opened on Thursday week by the Archbishop. The building has cost £5000, three ladies defraying a large portion of the outlay.

Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone invited all the poorer inhabitants of the parish of Hawarden, who are of the age of the Queen or more, to a Jubilee feast on Tuesday in the castle grounds. The right hon. gentleman subsequently addressed his guests, reviewing the great progress which had been achieved in the present reign, alluding to the strictly constitutional manner in which her Majesty always exercised her high sovereign functions, dwelling on the great benefit which she had conferred by the example of her own life, and concluding by beseeching his hearers to remember her in their prayers.

THE COURT.

The Queen, accompanied by Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg and the infant Prince Alexander, and Princesses Irene and Alice of Hesse, arrived at Balmoral in the afternoon of Thursday week, attended by the Hon. Horatia Stopford, the Hon. Rosa Hood, Miss Bauer, Viscount Bridport, General the Right Hon. Sir Henry Ponsonby, Major Bigge, and Dr. Reid. A guard of honour of the Seaforth Highlanders was mounted at the railway station at Ballater. On her Majesty's arrival at the east entrance at Balmoral Lodge, where an arch, tastefully decorated, had been erected, with the inscription, "Ever Welcome" on one side, and on the other, "God Bless our Queen," her Majesty was met by Dr. Profitt, the Queen's Commissioner, who, in the name of the tenants and servants, offered her a hearty welcome to her Majesty's Highland home in this Jubilee year. A procession was then formed of the keepers and other Highland servants in full dress, and proceeded, headed by her Majesty's pipers, to the castle, where the Queen's health was proposed and cheers were given for her Majesty. The Countess of Errol arrived at the castle as the Lady-in-Waiting. The Queen went out yesterday week, accompanied by Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg, and Princesses Irene and Alice of Hesse. In the afternoon her Majesty drove out with the Princesses. The Crown Prince of Germany came from Braemar, attended by Count Radolinski and Major Von Kessel, and visited her Majesty, remaining to luncheon. This day being the anniversary of the birth of the late lamented Prince Consort, Prince Henry of Battenberg, the gentlemen in attendance on the Queen, and the servants and tenants of the Balmoral, Abergeldie, and Birkhall estates assembled at the Obelisk at noon and drank to the memory of the Prince Consort. The Queen went out last Saturday morning, accompanied by Princess Beatrice. The Crown Prince of Germany, attended by Count Radolinski and Major Von Kessel, came from Braemar, and remained to lunch with her Majesty. The Rao of Kutch, and his brother, Kumar Shri Kaluba, took leave of the Queen before returning to India, and lunched with her Majesty and the Royal family. The Queen, in the afternoon, accompanied by Princess Beatrice, Princess Alice of Hesse, and the Crown Prince of Germany, drove to Braemar. Divine service was conducted at the castle on Sunday morning by the Rev. A. Campbell, of Crathie, in the presence of the Queen, Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg, Princesses Irene and Alice of Hesse, and the Royal household.

The Prince of Wales is staying at Homburg. His Royal Highness entertained at luncheon one day last week, at Ritter's Park Hotel, Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, the Grand Duke of Hesse-Darmstadt, Prince Alexander of Battenberg (late Prince of Bulgaria), Princess Irene of Hesse-Darmstadt, and the Hereditary Prince of Hesse-Darmstadt. The Princess of Wales, with her daughters, is at Copenhagen. Prince Albert Victor of Wales is staying at Mar Lodge, on a visit to the Earl of Fife.

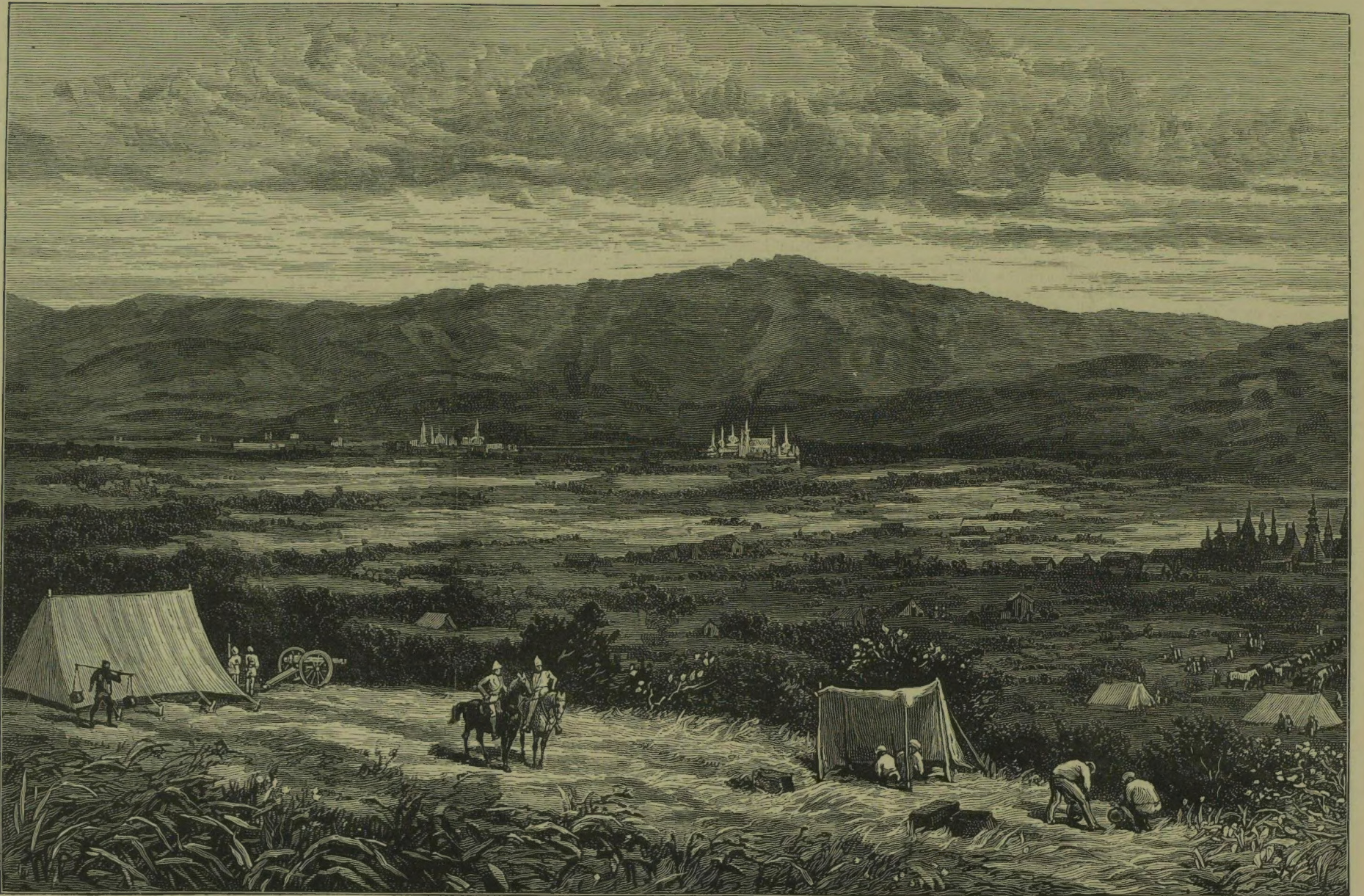
The German Crown Prince left Braemar on Monday for the south of England, calling at Balmoral Castle, on his way to Ballater Station, to take leave of her Majesty before leaving England. The Prince has greatly benefited by his visit to Scotland. His Imperial Highness visited York Cathedral on Tuesday. The Crown Princess, who was accompanied by one of her daughters, crossed from Cowes on Thursday morning in the Royal yacht Alberta, and, passing up the creek in a steam-launch paid a visit to Haslar Hospital. She was received by the Inspector-General (Dr. Breaky) and the principal officers of the hospital, and was conducted over some of the wards, &c. The Princess expressed her great gratification at what she had seen, and on leaving recrossed to the Isle of Wight. Her Imperial Highness, with her three daughters, Princesses Victoria, Sophia, and Margaret, left Cowes yesterday week, in the Royal yacht Victoria and Albert, for Plymouth, arriving at Plymouth next morning. The war-ships in the harbour fired Royal salutes. Their Royal Highnesses spent Sunday with the Earl of Mount-Edgumbe. On Monday the Crown Princess made an excursion up the river Tamar, and paid a visit to the Duke of Bedford at his seat at Endsleigh. She returned to Devonport in the evening by train, and immediately proceeded to the dockyard, where she went on board the Royal yacht Victoria and Albert. At Sheerness she embarked the Crown Prince, and from that place the Royal yacht proceeded with the Crown Prince and his family to Port Victoria, Flushing.

The Duke of Connaught arrived at Alexandria on Thursday week and proceeded to the palace, where his Royal Highness invested the Khedive with the insignia of a Knight Grand Cross of the Order of the Bath. His Royal Highness subsequently left for Suez by special train, being accompanied to the railway station by the Khedive.

Princess Christian has consented to collect specimens of women's work executed in the counties of Berkshire, Surrey, and Oxfordshire, for the Women's Industries Section of the International Exhibition at Glasgow next year. Princess Christian has also accepted the presidency of the committee of the Preliminary Exhibition of Plain Needlework, which is to be held early in the ensuing year in London.

The Royal Victoria Hall and Coffee Tavern, Waterloo Bridge-road, after having been closed for redecoration during the last three months, was reopened with a Temperance Demonstration on Friday, Sept. 2. The usual attractive variety entertainments are given on Saturdays, and during the week. Professor Malden has undertaken to give his popular diorama lectures on Tuesdays, the subject for next Tuesday being "The Reign of Queen Victoria." The ballad concerts will recommence on Oct. 6, when Mr. Sims Reeves and other eminent artists are expected.

The British Association for the Advancement of Science holds its annual meeting this year in Manchester. On Wednesday evening Sir Harry Roscoe, M.P., the President, gave the opening address in the Free Trade Hall. The local secretaries must be thanked for a capital programme of local arrangements, including a map of Manchester, a plan of Owens College, where two of the sections meet, and where the head-quarters are fixed, and a plan of the Exhibition at Old Trafford. This is the fifty-seventh annual gathering of what was once termed the Peripatetic Parliament of Science, and this is the third time of meeting in Manchester. The association was here in 1842, and again in 1861. Papers of deep general interest are expected in the various sections; and there is an unusual number of evening lectures at the Free Trade Hall—that to working men is by Professor Forbes, on "Electric Lighting." Amongst the purely social observances, there are garden-parties and excursions. On Tuesday, next week, the Mayor of Manchester will give a conversazione at the Townhall; and on Thursday the Executive Committee of the Exhibition give a conversazione at Old Trafford.—At a public meeting held at Newcastle on Tuesday night, presided over by the Mayor, Sir Benjamin Browne, it was unanimously resolved to invite the British Association to hold their meeting in 1889 in that town. The local fund will be £4000, of which £1700 is subscribed.

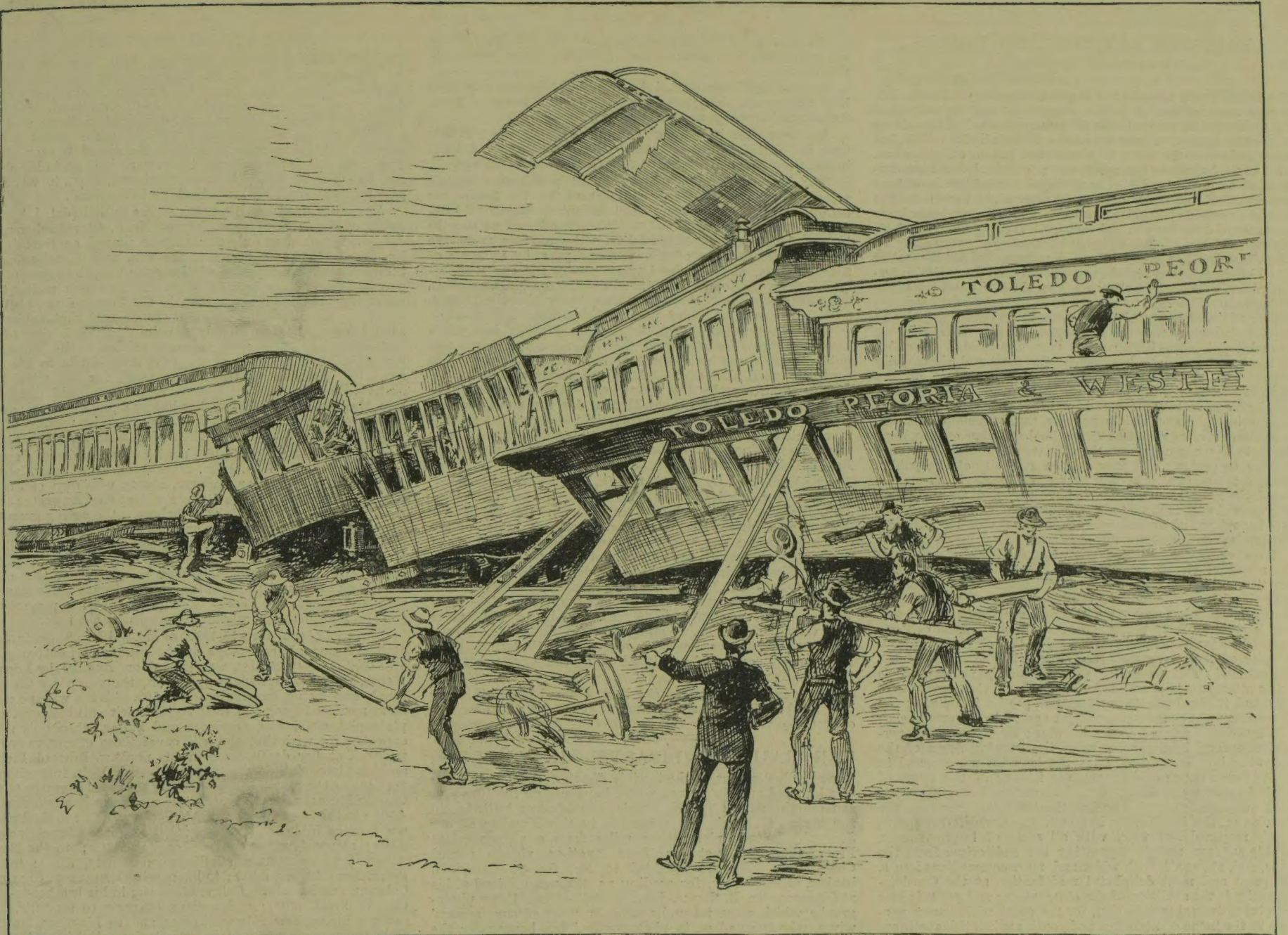


MOGOK, THE CENTRE OF THE RUBY MINES DISTRICT IN BURMAH: VIEW LOOKING SOUTH-EAST.

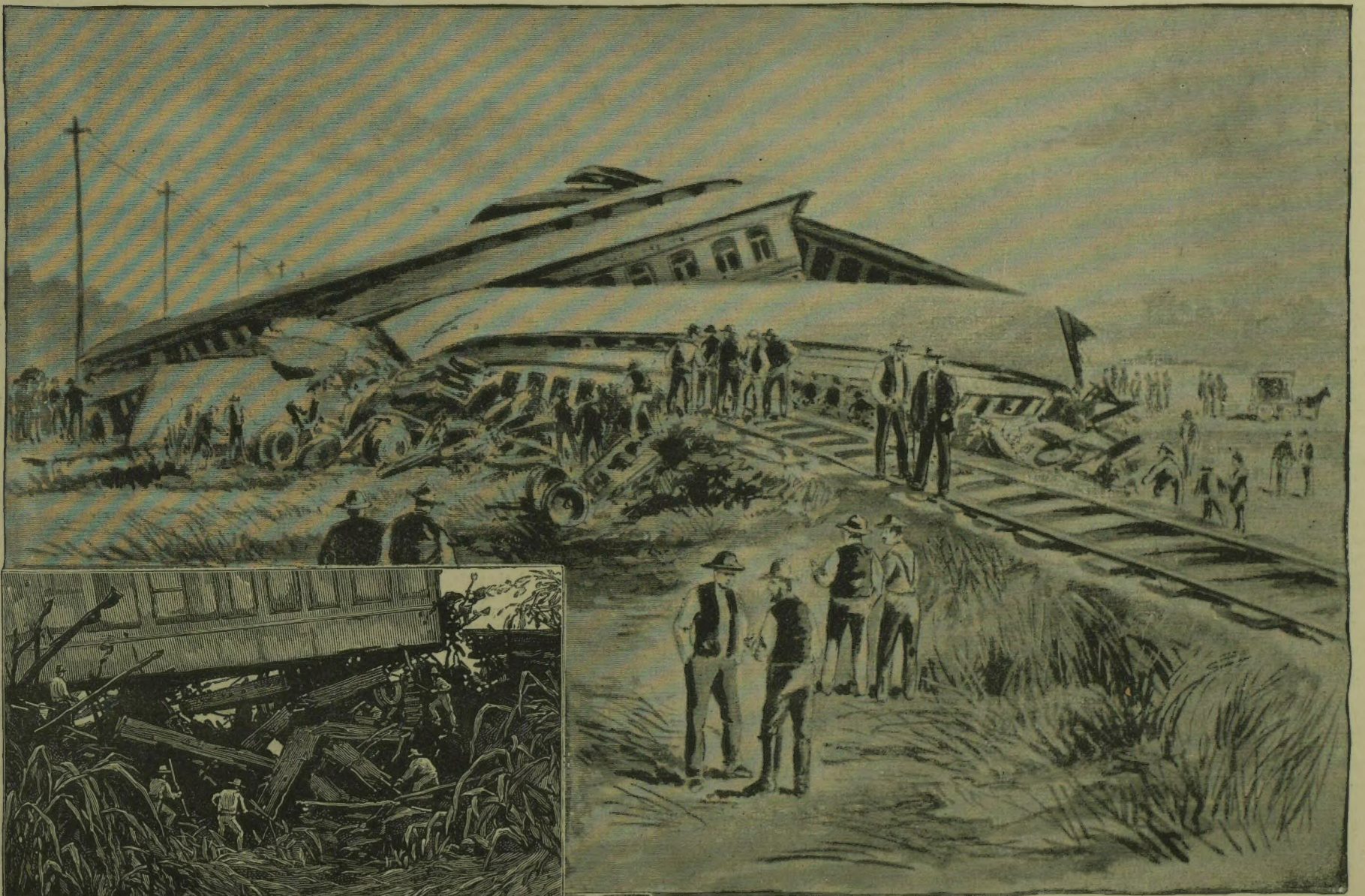


MOGOK AND THE RUBY MINES: VIEW LOOKING SOUTH.

THE RUBY MINES OF BURMAH.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY MR. G. S. STREETER.



THE WRECKED TRAIN: VIEW FROM THE SOUTH.



SOUTH VIEW OF THE CULVERT.

SCENE AFTER THE DISASTER.

THE RAILWAY ACCIDENT AT CHATSWORTH, ILLINOIS, IN THE UNITED STATES.

PARISIAN SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

PARIS, Tuesday, Aug. 30.

The busy French Chamber of Deputies has not yet found time to vote the abolition of public executions, and to order that the guillotine be set up inside of prisons instead of outside on the public square. Executions are still nominally public, but every endeavour is made to throw the public off the scent. And so it happens that whenever a criminal has been condemned to death, and the usual legal formalities have been accomplished, the crowd goes night after night to wait for the execution outside the prison, and this nightly assemblage leads to scenes of disorder and debauchery. During the past fortnight the Place de la Roquette has been occupied every night by a howling, drunken, and singing mob, composed of bad characters of all kinds, male and female, the very scum of the capital intermingled with a few fast elements from the clubs and the night restaurants. This mob sang under the windows of the prison, to the air of "La Boulangère," which recently served the popularity of a well-known General, a ditty with the refrain "C'est Pranzini qu'il nous faut." Once more the hero of the crime of the Rue Montaigne has become the great and almost only subject of interest in Paris; for the President of the Republic down to the humblest street-sweeper everybody seems to take an unhealthy interest in all that concerns this mysterious criminal: Pranzini is popular, as Troppmann was. It must, however, be admitted that the hesitation of President Grévy to sign the order for the execution has contributed not a little to prolong and increase the curiosity of the public. In the interest of the fair fame of Paris it is to be hoped that the scandals which have preceded the execution of Pranzini will cause it to be the last public execution, and that henceforward the example of England will be followed, and justice consummated with decency.

Another scandal which is not without alarming aspects is the revolt of the famous Municipal Council of Paris. At a recent meeting this council invited all the Radical municipal councils of France to meet in congress at Paris. The Government immediately pronounced this deliberation to be null and void because contrary to law. Thereupon the Council of Paris repeated its invitation, and called upon the provinces to meet in spite of the Government and form the "Congress of the Communes." This proposed "Congress of the Communes" is a new attempt of the revolutionary party of the Commune of 1871, and if the Paris Council should persist in defying the Government the consequences may be grave in the extreme.

Theatrical Paris is literally in ruins; the measures of precaution ordered by the police after the burning down of the Opéra-Comique have filled every theatre with masons, and in front of each entrance door you see, instead of the *queue* of would-be spectators, a heap of rubbish and the traces of tearing down and modification. The first theatre to recover from the invasion of the bricklayers has been the Comédie-Française, which reopened last week with all sorts of improvements, notably an iron curtain separating the auditorium from the stage, and, above all, with wider and more commodious issues. One great and most delightful modification at the Comédie-Française is the abolition of the *strapontins*; and yet this does not give universal satisfaction, for the great critic Sarcey protests in the name of literature and youth against this abolition, maintaining that the young literary men who have their entries at the Français were accommodated on these bracket seats. Sarcey's argument may be summed up on the principle that the public in a theatre must not be too comfortable; otherwise, it becomes indifferent to art, and goes to sleep.

The only show now open in Paris is the exhibition, in the Palais de l'Industrie, of the Union Centrale des Arts Décoratifs, interesting as a display of the products of the great Parisian industries—jewellery, furniture, ceramic ware, wrought-iron work, dolls, &c. It is curious and discouraging to see that no effort towards novelty is made in the department of furniture. The models of the epochs of Henry II., Louis XIII., and Louis XV. still reign supreme; the whole activity of the manufacturers is absorbed in servile copying. And for this, it appears, the public is to blame, and not the manufacturers. The public desires something cheap and showy, and at the same time something which has a stamp of distinction; the museums contain models of Henri II. and Louis XIII. furniture; the parvenu who buys reproductions of these models imagines that he is furnishing his dining-room with fragments of the history of France; and for the greater contentment of all parties it happens that these models can be established easily and manufactured by the gross on the most advantageous terms. This being the case, and the public refusing to buy new and original models, the inventive effort of the furniture manufacturers is paralysed, and the profession of designer has almost become extinct, because no designs are wanted.

The importance of the mobilisation of the 17th Army Corps, which has just begun in the region of Toulouse, must not be exaggerated. Under General Boulanger, this essay of mobilisation would have been a national manifestation and a reply to the 90,000 men of the Landwehr whom Bismarck put on foot in the spring. General Ferron considers the essay simply as the solution of a technical problem, a matter of a fortnight's campaign practice. The essay will bring into action some 35,000 men only—that is to say, the 17th Army Corps proper—and as concerns both men and horses and transports, it will by no means be a general rehearsal of the game of war. The results of the essay will be awaited with deep interest by all Frenchmen, for, although the present policy of France is a policy of peace, it is not a policy of abdication. Nevertheless, the noise of arms in the neighbourhood of Toulouse is not meant as a threat to anyone.

The eminent chemist, M. Chevreul, will enter upon his 102nd year to-morrow, Aug. 31.—A monument in memory of Saussure and the guide Baltat was unveiled at Chamounix on the 28th. The work is by the sculptor Salmson, and figured in the Paris Salon this year. At this ceremony, in honour of the first scaler of Mont Blanc, the French Government was represented by M. Spuller, Minister of Public Instruction.—Apropos of the opening of the shooting season, the tax returns show that 428,569 gun-licenses have been issued, producing a total of twelve millions of francs.

T. C.

An International Exhibition of Fire-Engines and Appliances was opened at Turin on Saturday by the King of Italy.

The Emperor and Empress of Russia arrived at Copenhagen on Friday morning last week, the Imperial yacht having been delayed on her voyage by fog. King Christian, together with the King of the Hellenes and the Crown Prince, went out to meet their Majesties on board the Danish Royal yacht, escorted by an ironclad squadron, and accompanied them to the harbour, where they were received on landing by the Queen and Princesses. The whole party then drove to Fredensborg, the streets along the route being gaily decorated with flags. Great crowds had collected in the streets and received the Royal party with loud cheers.—Sept. 17 has been fixed for the opening of the new English Episcopalian Church at Copenhagen, which the Royal and Imperial families now in Denmark will attend.

Mr. Fenlon, of the English team, has won the first prize in the race for the International Cycling Championship in Christiania.

At Kiel the International Astronomical Congress has been held this week, delegates attending from Austria, France, Sweden and Norway, and the United States.

We hear from New York that the English yacht *Thistle* took her initial cruise in racing trim on Monday. A light breeze prevailed, and the yacht showed to great advantage.

The Finance Department of Canada publishes complete returns of the receipts and expenditure for the fiscal year ending on June 30 last. The receipts amount to 35,802,000 dols., and the expenditure to 35,667,000 dols., thus leaving a surplus in round numbers of 134,000 dols. The receipts from the customs exceed those of the previous year by upwards of 3,000,000 dols., and are the largest, except for one year, recorded since the Confederation. The excise receipts amount to 700,000 dols. above the previous year, being also the largest, with one exception, since the Confederation. The receipts from the Post Office are 100,000 dols. in excess of last year's revenue, and the income from the Government railways and public works shows an increase of more than 400,000 dols. as compared with that of 1885-6. These items are above all previous figures under the same heads.—The Dominion Rifle Association met at Ottawa on Monday for the annual week's rifle competitions. Every province in the Dominion is well represented, seventy-two marksmen coming from the Atlantic maritime provinces, while the contingents from Manitoba and British Columbia are fully up to the standard.

The Hon. S. W. Griffiths, K.C.M.G., Premier of Queensland, has been appointed Colonial Treasurer in place of the Hon. J. R. Dickson, who has lately resigned. In the Legislative Assembly on Friday, last week, Mr. Moorhead, leader of the Opposition, moved an amendment to the Budget proposals of the Government, which was tantamount to a vote of want of confidence. The amendment was, however, defeated by twenty-nine votes to twenty-one, Mr. Dickson, who lately resigned the post of Colonial Treasurer, voting against the Government. The Land Tax resolution was subsequently adopted by twenty-four to five votes. The Hon. Walter Horatio Wilson has been appointed Postmaster-General in succession to the Hon. Thomas Macdonald-Paterson, who resigned owing to his disapproval of the Land Tax.

The general election to the New Zealand Legislature has been fixed for Sept. 26, and the new Parliament will assemble on Oct. 6.

THE RAILWAY DISASTER IN AMERICA.

Several illustrations of the terrible disaster, causing the loss of a hundred and sixty lives, which happened on the 10th ult., at midnight, on the Toledo, Peoria, and Western Railway, in the State of Illinois, are presented in this Number of our Journal. It took place three miles from a village called Piper City, and not far from another village named Chatsworth. We are indebted to Mr. George Campbell, banker, of Piper City, for sending us, through a friend of his at Glasgow, Mr. R. Bryce, jun., of Bath-street, three photographs, which were taken, he says, by "one of our farmers' wives, who is an adept in photography," ten hours after the accident. The train, which had left Bloomington that evening, was drawn by two engines, and consisted of six day and six sleeping carriages, with three cars for luggage. There were 960 passengers, all excursionists, bound for the Niagara Falls. They came from various places in Central Illinois, but the majority were residents of Peoria. The bridge through which the train fell was an ordinary wooden trestle structure, erected over a ditch 10 ft. deep and 15 ft. wide. On nearing the bridge, the engine-driver discovered it was on fire; but he was unable to stop the train. The first engine crossed safely, and then the bridge fell. The second engine and several of the carriages were wrecked, some telescoping the others. The sleeping-carriages remained on the track, but were in great danger, owing to the wrecked portion of the train having caught fire from the burning bridge. Fifty men fought with the flames; and, no water being available, tried to extinguish them with earth, some digging up the soil with their hands. Ultimately they succeeded in smothering the flames, and no one was burned. In a short time the country was roused, and numbers of people hurried to the scene of the accident. A large staff of medical men, assisted by other persons, laid out 118 dead bodies, and attended to the wounded. The dead were mostly taken to Chatsworth; fifty of those injured were received at Piper City, where, instantly on the disaster being made known, almost all the inhabitants rose from their beds, lighted their lamps, opened their houses, and got ready whatever was necessary for the relief of the patients. Fifty were laid on couches hastily prepared in the public hall, many of them grievously mutilated, and covered with blood and mud; they were kindly tended by the ladies of Piper City; and, when the surgeons had applied bandages and ice, those who could be moved were taken into private houses. Great indignation has been excited by a rumour, which appears to be correct, that a party of pickpockets, who were passengers in the train, and who had probably gone intending to practise their ordinary style of theft at Niagara Falls, robbed the dead and wounded as they lay in the corn-field near the wreck of the train. Some pathetic incidents in connection with the accident are recorded. One poor man, whose legs were broken, insisted that his wife and child should be removed from the wreck of the train before any help was rendered to himself. It proved that his child was dead, and his wife expired after being placed in the corn-field. The unfortunate husband was shortly afterwards laid beside her body; and then, drawing a revolver, he committed suicide. It is considered probable that the bridge was set on fire by a spark from a passing engine early in the night, the dryness of the season having made the woodwork mere tinder.

The Earl of Aberdeen has accepted the presidency of the King Edward Ragged Schools and Mission, Spitalfields, in succession to the late Earl of Shaftesbury.

The annual pastoral address of the Wesleyan Conference, signed by the Rev. John Walton, as president, and the Rev. D. J. Waller, as secretary, contains the following paragraph on Party political action:—"The non-political character of our Church is very precious to us, and we are anxious to preserve it intact, and trust that nothing may ever occur among us to derogate from it, or to shade it. Strongly would we deprecate any attempt at banding together as Wesleyans in party action, for our neutrality would become destroyed by such action, and the peace and prosperity of our Church-life would suffer. Let the old tradition prevail still:—No politics in our connection—a tradition so well in keeping with the saying of the Lord, 'My kingdom is not of this world.'—A general summary of the Wesleyan Methodist Conference gives the total membership of the community as 537,000, with nearly 47,000 on trial. The ministers number 2867, including probationers and supernumeraries. These returns do not include the Wesleyan Methodists of Australasia and Canada.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will of Sir Alexander Matheson, Bart., has been proved by his executors, Hugh M. Matheson, Sir Kenneth James Matheson, Bart., and John M. Macdonald, the personal provision is made for his unmarried daughters, those who are married having settlements of £25,000 each. After giving legacies to his three sons other than the eldest, to each of his executors, and to his servants, the residue is to go to his eldest son, the said Sir Kenneth James Matheson, Bart., to whom is also bequeathed all his landed estates in Scotland.

The will (dated Feb. 19, 1885), with a codicil (dated April 4, 1887), of Mr. John Stewart, late of No. 5, Cleveland-row, St. James's, who died on July 29 last, was proved on the 9th ult. by James Grahame Stewart, the son, and Charles James Stewart, the nephew, two of the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £295,000. The testator recites that under their marriage settlement, in the Scotch form, his wife will have the life interest of the trust funds, and that, subject to such life interest, he has already appointed £4000 to each of his two children; and he now appoints, subject to the life interest of his wife, the remainder of the said trust funds to his said son. He bequeaths £10,000, upon trust, for his wife, Mrs. Matilda Stewart, for life; £16,000, upon trust, for his daughter, Mrs. Matilda Jane Le Bailly, her husband and children; and a legacy to his executor Mr. C. J. Stewart. The residue of his property he leaves to his son, the said James Grahame Stewart.

The will (dated Nov. 3, 1884), with a codicil (dated Sept. 1, 1886), of the Most Hon. John, Marquis of Winchester, late of Amport St. Mary's, near Andover, Hants, who died on July 4 last, was proved on the 27th ult. by the Most Hon. Augustus John Henry Beaumont, Marquis of Winchester, the acting executor, the value of the personal estate exceeding £107,000. The testator makes a provision for his younger son, Lord Henry William Montagu Paulet; and a further provision for his daughter, Lady Lilian Mary Erskine-Wemyss, in addition to that made for her on her marriage; and bequeaths a legacy to his steward and land agent, Mr. Poore. The residue of his property he gives to his eldest son, who has succeeded to the title.

The will (dated June 15, 1885) of Mr. William Sherwin, J.P., of The Grange, Farnborough, in the county of Southampton, who died on July 25 last, was proved on Aug. 20 by Edward Fisher, the nephew, and Joseph Holt, the executors, the personal estate being sworn above £89,000. To his wife he gives an immediate legacy of £1500, together with all his furniture, plate, pictures, books, carriages and horses, absolutely; but expresses the wish that she will cause these effects to be distributed, at her death, between his nephew, Edward Fisher, and his niece, Matilda, the wife of Joseph Holt, in such proportions as she may think best. The testator bequeaths to the Church Missionary Society, for Africa and the East, the sum of £500; to the Church Pastoral Aid Society, £500; to the British and Foreign Bible Society, £300; to the Religious Tract Society, £100; to the Surrey County Hospital, £100; to the Royal Albert Orphan Asylum (Collingwood Court), £200; to his sister, Mary Fisher, £100; to his cousins Emma and Charlotte Coleman and Elizabeth Dalby, £50 each; to his brother-in-law, Charles Pratt, £100; and various bequests to servants. He gives to his nephew, Edward Fisher, and to his niece, Matilda Holt, the sum of £2000 each. He devises all his real estate and the residue of his personal estate to his executors, upon trust, to pay the annual income thereof to his wife, Frances Cecilia Sherwin, during her life, for her absolute use; and after her decease the whole of the said trust moneys, as to one moiety thereof, to the said Edward Fisher, and, as to the other moiety, to the said Matilda Holt, as her separate estate and as she may by deed or will appoint. To his wife he gives his mansion house and lands at Farnborough and Cove, for life; but should she not desire to occupy them the said Matilda Holt is to have the option of taking them, as part of the residuary estate, on certain conditions named in the will.

The Irish Probate, granted at Dublin, of the will (dated Oct. 7, 1880), with a codicil (dated Feb. 23, 1884), of the Right Hon. William, Earl of Meath, late of Killybeggy, Bray, in the county of Wicklow, who died on May 26 last, to the Right Hon. Archibald Brabazon Sparrow, Earl of Gosford, one of the executors, was resealed in London on the 20th ult., the value of the personal estate in England and Ireland amounting to over £25,000. The testator directs that the lands purchased by him adjoining the Killybeggy estate are to be offered to his son Reginald Lord Brabazon (who has succeeded to the earldom) for a sum of about £11,000, subject to a mortgage thereon, and that the said purchase money, or the said lands if his son does not buy them, he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, the Right Hon. Harriot, Countess of Meath, for life, and then to his daughter, Lady Kathleen Brabazon. Certain plate, jewellery, and other effects, he bequeaths to his said son conditionally on his paying £5000 to his (testator's) wife. The residue of his real and personal estate he gives to his wife.

The Scotch Confirmation of the will and codicil, both executed March 7, 1881, and of the trust disposition and settlement (dated June 23, 1881), with a codicil (dated Aug. 9, 1886), of the Right Rev. Robert Eden, Bishop of Moray, Ross, and Caithness, Primus of the Scottish Episcopal Church, of Eden Court, Inverness, who died on Aug. 26, 1886, granted to Frederick Morton Eden, Henry Eden, and Robert Allen Eden, the sons, the executors nominate, was resealed in London on July 11 last, the value of the personal estate in England and Scotland exceeding £7600.

The will (dated July 28, 1879), with a codicil (dated Sept. 19 following), of Mr. Charles Colyer, late of No. 38, Dorset-square, Regent's Park, who died on June 22 last, was proved on the 18th ult. by Mrs. Elizabeth Jane Colyer, the widow, and Mrs. Caroline Rosabelle Miller, the daughter, two of the executrices, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £37,000. There are a few bequests; and the remaining provisions of the will are in favour of testator's wife and children.

The will (dated Feb. 1, 1882) of Miss Charlotte Sproule, late of No. 17, Marlborough-buildings, Bath, who died on June 17 last, was proved on the 10th ult. by Charles Wilbraham Ford, and Arthur Trelawny Wickham New, two of the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £18,000. The testatrix gives all her real estate, except two freehold houses at Bath, to her nephew, Henry Masters Sproule; and there are legacies to her said nephew, and to nieces, executors, and others. As to the residue of her personal estate, she leaves one third to each of her nieces, Lucy Sproule, Fanny Ford, and Emily Strong New.

The will (dated Dec. 24, 1884), with a codicil (dated March 9, 1885), of Mr. Henry Walford Green, late of No. 1, Somers-place, Hyde Park, who died on July 4 last, was proved on the 11th ult. by Norcliffe Gilpin and Frederick Jeffries Crowder, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to nearly £8000. The testator gives his residence, with the furniture, plate, and effects, and £200 to his wife, Mrs. Emma Letitia Green. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life; then as to £100 for each of his four godchildren, and the ultimate residue to his brothers and sisters.

MAGAZINES FOR SEPTEMBER.

Murray's Magazine.—Jubilee reviews of social progress from 1837 to 1887 being still in vogue, Sir Edmund Du Cane, a high official authority, furnishes a brief account of the notable improvements in the treatment of crime and of criminals. A description of the wild street-dogs of Constantinople is very amusing. "A Holiday Among the Crofters," in the Isle of Skye, seems to have been agreeably and even usefully spent. Mr. C. R. L. Fletcher's narrative of a boating tour on the canals and rivers between Oxford, Warwick, Tewkesbury, and Gloucester, returning by the Thames and Severn canals, is pleasant to read. The myth of Er the Pamphylian, recited in Plato's "Republic," an allegorical vision of the future life and judgment to come, is translated by the Hon. G. N. Curzon, very passably, into verse of the metre of Tennyson's "Palace of Art." The articles on Walt Whitman, General Boulanger, and Canadian politics, need not detain us. The story of "Major Lawrence" is continued; and he is again called on to aid Lady Eleanor, his old love, the wife of Mr. Cathers, in a moment of peril. "Aunt Hannah" is a tender little tale of one who was almost an old maid.

Blackwood's Magazine.—Those who feel much anxiety for the balance of military power in Europe will here find a careful examination of the relative forces and supposed intentions of Germany and France, and of the insecure position of Belgium. Mrs. Oliphant's story of "Joyce" brings that young woman to the house of Colonel Hayward, who has discovered her to be his daughter; she does not feel at home, but Captain Bellenden pays her some attention. "A Corner of Mercia" is that southern region of Buckinghamshire about the Chiltern Hills which has lately proved rich in relics of early Saxon antiquity. The old Venetian traveller in Eastern Asia, Marco Polo, is made the subject of a compact historical essay. "The Country Parson, as he was and as he is," affords a theme of some contemporary interest, with reference to changes in English social life. A writer of "Musings without Method," treats not of the practice of anglers, but of the discipline of schoolmasters, under an equivocal title, "The Rod: Now and in the Past;" and he discusses one or two other subjects.

Longman's Magazine.—The joint authors, Mr. D. Christie Murray and Mr. H. Herman, of that strange, weird, barbaric romance, "One Traveller Returns," still keep us in the fearful company of a wild heathen people, of Celtic race, dwelling beyond the river Dee in the time of the Roman conquest, with their King Feltor and his wicked young Queen Barzelhold, and with the horrible old Druid, Wenegog, who ordains the burning of Christian as a sacrifice to Bel. The deceased Queen Vreda, returning to life by a miracle, forbids this atrocious act, much to the surprise of the assembled people. A Cornish story called "Eve," by the author of "John Herring" and "Mehalah," begins with forced and unattractive intensity. "The Dream Bride," by Mrs. Alfred Hunt, is a pleasing little tale. Mr. P. G. Hamerton's notices of examples of "independent travelling," by land, by water, and by air, might easily be extended, and he is always an agreeable writer.

Macmillan's Magazine.—Mr. Matthew Arnold has been stirred to pronounce his verdict on the late Professor Amiel, of Geneva, whom he finds a misty philosopher, but a fine literary critic. Mr. Marion Crawford is still "With the Immortals"; making Julius Caesar talk like Sir James Stephen, or like Sir H. Sumner Maine, and Pascal like Mr. Mallock, while Heine and Dr. Johnson listen to their discourse on the affairs of the present day; and why should not King Priam, the Prophet Balaam, Ragnar Lodbrok, and Sancho Panza be added to the party? The second part of "Milner's Mistake," by Mr. F. Anstey, shows that a married man ought not hastily to conceive jealousy because his wife has her own private correspondence. "An Idyl of Ischia" presents an interesting study of rustic Italian life, and of the romantic scenery of that island. A poem, by Mr. George Meredith, on the classic subject of Demeter's anger and the suspension of fertility on the earth, has much imaginative power.

Cornhill Magazine.—"The Gaverocks," another Cornish story by the author we have mentioned, keeps up the distressing situation of poor Loveday, privately married to Constantine Gaverock, finding him, under the name of John Rock, with a second wife, who is sister to the excellent Paul Marsland, in the house where she had found a quiet home on leaving her brother's residence. "A False Step," which ends tragically for the romantic young German Prince, exhibits the shameless and heartless deceitfulness of a wanton female adventurer, with her cunning trick of pretending to fall and hurt herself that she may excite tender interest. The mystery of "A Phenomenal Voice" is an ingenious mechanical contrivance placed in the mouth, like false teeth, by which an artificial basso singer is enabled, for a short time, to win renown and high pay on the opera stage. The sketch of "Fallowfield," a highly original boarding-school for boys incapable of the routine academical studies, is worthy of some attention in these days of educational reform. The Rev. J. G. Wood's description of Australia as "A Fossil Continent" is stronger, perhaps, in the details of comparative zoology than in its geological speculations; his account of the amphibious "barramunda" is very curious. There is an interesting report of a visit to the shrine of ancient Greek religion at Eleusis.

Temple Bar.—"Loyalty George," by Mrs. Parr, is continued; Loyalty is a girl of sailor family near Plymouth, named after a ship, H.M.S. Loyalty, in which her father was hung for mutiny during the French war. "Out of the Fog" is concluded; and we are glad to find young Mrs. Calthorpe, though very foolish, not an unfaithful wife, and Mr. Osborne Mainwaring, though a vain coxcomb, not a treacherous friend. In "Edged Tools," likewise here finished, the conception of Mr. Murray Wentworth's conduct is utterly monstrous; the lady writer cannot understand the character of a man. The "Clerical Reminiscences" are frivolous, but amusing; and the "American Impressions" are rough and crude.

Time.—Mr. George Moore's "Confessions of a Young Man" are confessions of a perverted taste and judgment; yet his opinion that Balzac is the equal of Shakespeare is one which he has a right to proclaim if he likes; and these Parisian confessions may be those of an imaginary young man, "a student only of ball-rooms, bar-rooms, streets, and alcoves." They are followed by Mr. W. L. Courtney's short essay on Jacqueline Pascal, a victim, as we think, to mistaken religious austerity, but one of the purest and most devoted of loving spirits. The Irish Land League story of "The O'Donol Rent" results in the attempted murder of a land agent, the flight of Brian to escape justice, and the emigration of his wife, Nora, to join him beyond sea. "My Peculiar Case" is an odd little tale of an old country physician's ghost haunting his shut-up consulting-room, many years after his death; and of a patient who went to sleep in the room one night finding a medical prescription written for him at his waking—probably done by his own hand in a somnambulist dream. Mr. W. Delisle Hay contributes an article on mushrooms and "toadstools," which should be useful to readers going into the country.

London Society.—Some forty pages of this magazine are filled with a portion of Captain Hawley Smart's novel, "A False Start," long since published in separate volumes. Mrs.

Alexander's story, "A Life Interest," is so far advanced that it may also be soon presented as a whole. The new one by Miss Bertha Thomas, "At a Month's End," begins with much promise of interest. It is related by a Mr. Hubert Lane, a literary gentleman, who goes to an old Devonshire country house, the abode of a Captain Lister, for the purpose of inspecting a library offered for private sale; the owner is in pressing difficulties about money; and a niece, Ella Lister, whose fortune is endangered, seems to be a formidable young person. Mrs. Edward Kennard's short paper on "Fishing in Norway" bears the mark of actual experience. "Jerry" is a very sad short tale of a homeless little boy dying of want in London streets.

The Theatre.—Besides the usual monthly review of the Drama and Music, we have the concluding paper of Mr. Godfrey Turner's pleasant series of "First Nights of My Young Days"; "The Drama in Spain," by T. Malcolm Watson; "A Word to Actors," by R. K. Hervey; and "Comedy at the Court Theatre," by E. A. Morton. The number is adorned with photographic portraits of Mrs. Cora Urquhart Brown-Potter and Mr. Rutland Barrington.

Harper's Monthly.—The fashion of equestrian exercise at New York is knowingly and vivaciously described, with some well-drawn illustrations. Further stories of the cruel old buccaneers of the Spanish Main and Gulf of Mexico; further accounts, by the Rev. H. Lansdell, of Russian efforts to civilise the wild tribes of Central Asia; a notice of the Isle of Man; a touching story of negro fidelity and simple affection in the Southern States; a pleasant narrative of a tour in the South, and a good description of Valparaiso and Santiago, the handsome and prosperous cities of energetic Chili, with some readable pieces of fiction, make up this satisfactory number.

Scribner's Magazine.—The publication of Thackeray's private correspondence is nearly finished; the remaining letters, to appear in October, will be those written from America. They are accompanied by some of his droll little drawings, and are very characteristic of his kindly, truthful, and playful disposition. Among the topics described or discussed in the other articles are the Nile, within the limits of Egypt; camping and hunting in the Shoshone region, towards the Rocky Mountains; Randolph's draft of an American Constitution in 1787; American University education, and the besetting faults of English writing in newspapers and novels. There are several current tales.

The Century.—Here is a predominance of American subjects; a memoir of Jefferson's residence at his Virginia home, which he called "Monticello," a chapter of the authentic biography of President Lincoln, relating to his nomination and election; a tour in New Jersey; an account, compiled with the closest precision, of the framing of the United States Constitution; and narratives of some of the sternest fighting actions of the Civil War. The engravings are of fine quality.

Lippincott's Monthly.—A Californian story, "The Red Mountain Mines," occupies ninety pages. A memoir of Edmund Randolph, of Virginia, "a suppressed statesman," whom his political rivals contrived to disgrace under the Presidency of Washington in 1795, is written by Mr. Moncure Conway. The "Johns Hopkins" University at Baltimore, in its habits of social life, is described by one of its students.

Atlantic Monthly.—Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes gives us, in a few pages on Paris, the last but one of his records of "One Hundred Days in Europe." "A Woodland Intimate" is an interesting study of bird life; "A Pinchtown Pauper" is a pathetic tale of a worn-out old negro. Mr. Marion Crawford's Russian story, "Paul Patoff," is nearing its end.

MUSIC.

PROMENADE CONCERTS.

These performances—at Covent-Garden and Her Majesty's Theatres—are now the mainstay of London music, and will be so until the approaching resumption of important serial concerts, after their usual summer suspension. The opening of the Promenade Concerts at the Haymarket opera house, under Mr. Mapleson's direction, was noticed by us last week. The impression then made by Mdle. Nikita—the very young American lady with the romantic history already alluded to—has been maintained by her subsequent performances, which have been special features in the programmes. During the past week Mr. T. W. Page has made a favourable impression by his rendering of some tenor songs. The gentleman, who is a student of the Royal College of Music, has, with further study and experience, a prospect of a favourable career. Madame Sinico, Miss M. Mackenzie, Mr. Iver McKay, Mr. G. Fox, and Signor Vetta have also contributed effectively to recent programmes. A larger infusion of classical instrumental music would enhance the importance of Mr. Mapleson's concerts.

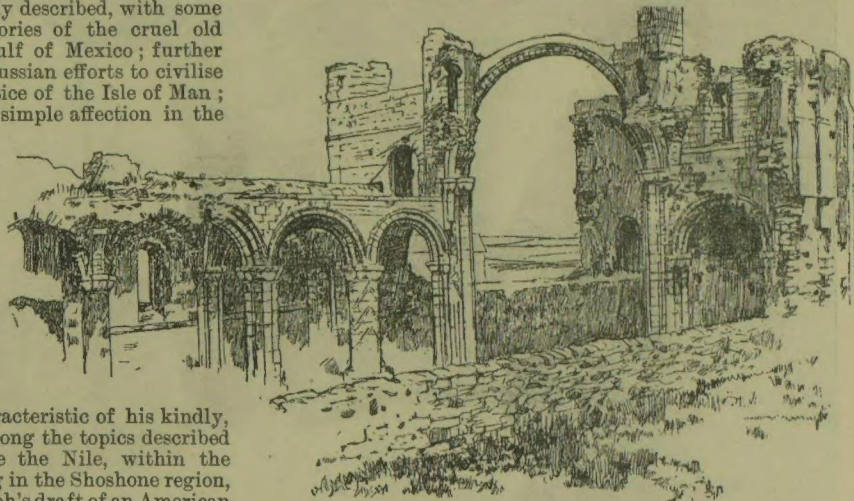
Mr. W. Freeman Thomas's Covent-Garden performances are continuing a successful career. The second "classical night" included fine performances of Wagner's overture to "Der Fliegende Holländer," Reinecke's prelude to "König Manfred," Mozart's "Jupiter" symphony, Sterndale Bennett's fourth pianoforte concerto, and two movements from Molique's fifth violin concerto, the soloists in these latter instances having been Miss Josephine Lawrence and Mr. Carrodus, each of whom rendered full justice to the music. Lieder by Mendelssohn and Schumann were expressively sung by Madame Valleria; and Mr. O. Harley gave good effect to Gounod's recitative and air "Lend me your aid." This first portion of the evening's programme was supplemented by a selection of a more popular description.

Next week's musical specialty will be the Worcester Festival—the one hundred and sixty-fourth meeting of the Cathedral choirs of that city, of Hereford, and of Gloucester. We have already given an outline of the arrangements for the celebration, the performances at which commence next Tuesday with "Elijah," the festival being inaugurated by a special service in the Cathedral on the previous Sunday morning, thus leaving Monday entirely free for rehearsals. The specialty of the week will be the production, on Thursday, of Mr. Cowen's oratorio, "Ruth," composed expressly for the festival.

Several of the political clubs in London are now closed. In a notice issued by the secretary of the Carlton Club it is announced that extensive alterations are necessary in the drainage of the club, and that whilst it is closed, for three months, the members will be the guests of the Junior Carlton Club. The Reform Club will be closed for about two months, its members being accommodated at the Devonshire and National Liberal Clubs. The National Conservative Club, which is being repaired, will reopen on Sept. 5. Brooks's is partially in the builder's hands; and the New University and United Service are also undergoing repairs.

A PILGRIMAGE TO LINDISFARNE.

The twelfth century of the death of St. Cuthbert, the celebrated Bishop of the Catholic Church in Northumbria, Prior of the Abbey of Lindisfarne, on a small islet off the seacoast, visible to all railway passengers from Newcastle to Edinburgh, and described in "Marmion" by Sir Walter Scott, is an occasion of some historical and romantic, as well as of religious interest. We lately noticed a treatise in which the learned author, who is an ecclesiastical dignitary of the Roman Catholic Church, investigates the old traditions concerning the miraculous preservation of this Saint's body after his death, through various removals in the enforced migrations of his monastic brethren, during a period of two or three hundred years, till it was deposited under the shrine in Durham Cathedral, where it lay undisturbed till the Reformation. A commemorative pilgrimage to Lindisfarne, with a special service in the chancel of the ruined abbey, took place this year, on Thursday, Aug. 11, attended by many hundreds of persons—men, women, and children—from all parts of the north of England. They were conveyed from Newcastle by five or six special trains on the North-Eastern Railway, alighting at Beal station, whence most of



LINDISFARNE ABBEY.

them walked through the lanes and across the sands, a distance of five miles, while vehicles were ready to carry ladies and others unable to walk so far. Processions with banners rendered this march an interesting spectacle, often accompanied by the singing of hymns and chanting of prayers. The sands are passable at low tide to the island; and, soon after twelve o'clock at noon, the whole congregation assembled in the ruins of the Abbey. The numerous procession of the clergy was headed by the Right Rev. Dr. Lacy, Bishop of Middlesbrough, and included many of the leading members of the Roman Catholic priesthood in Northumberland and Durham. Choral high mass was performed with the full ritual, the officiating priest being the Very Rev. Canon Wilkinson, Vicar-Capitular of the diocese, assisted by the deacons, the Rev. M. Forster, of Newcastle, and the Rev. G. Phillips, of St. Cuthbert's College, Ushaw. A sermon was preached by the Right Rev. Dr. Patterson, of London, titular Bishop of Emmaus; and the final benediction was pronounced by the Bishop of Middlesbrough. The congregation returned from the island before the flow of the tide in the afternoon, and were conveyed by special trains back to Newcastle. We present several illustrations of the proceedings from photographs taken by Mr. W. Green, of Castlegate, Berwick-on-Tweed.

The Queen has become the patron of the Civil Service Benevolent Fund, established at the beginning of last year for the assistance of widows and orphans of civil servants left in necessitous circumstances, and has given £25 to the fund.

The Newsvenders' Benevolent Institution has determined to commemorate the Queen's Jubilee by founding pensions for the benefit of widows of newsvenders. The Queen has given permission to call the fund from which the pensions are paid "The Royal Victoria Pension Fund."

At the half-yearly meeting of the Manchester Ship Canal Company, held at Manchester on Monday, the chairman, Lord Egerton of Tatton, said the land survey and plans had been prepared, and they only wanted to make final arrangements with the landowners before proceeding vigorously with the work. He believed there would be no difficulty in executing the works in the stipulated time, and the contract was highly satisfactory to the company.

With reference to our remarks last week on the city of Copenhagen, with its attractions for visitors, and on the Prince and Princess of Wales going there about this time, we would recommend a new "Guide to Copenhagen," by Mrs. A. P. Andersen, of Newcastle-on-Tyne. It is a bright little volume, recently published by Mr. Andrew Dickson, of High Bridge, Newcastle. It is precisely adapted to the use of English tourists who will spend a few days in the city, and do not want the topography of the whole of Denmark; but it includes the excursions to Fredensborg, Frederiksberg, Roskilde, and Elsinore. The engraved plan of Copenhagen is very acceptable; but we miss the needful list of names corresponding to the numbers distinguishing the public buildings. This defect can easily be supplied in the second edition, to be published next spring, upon the occasion of the Danish Exhibition at Copenhagen. Mrs. Andersen, who knows the city well, and is the wife of a Danish gentleman in the shipping trade at Newcastle, concisely describes the palaces, churches, theatres, parks, and gardens, the picture-galleries and museums of art and antiquities, with their interesting contents. She writes in a pleasant, familiar, sprightly, unaffected style; and a womanly spirit is agreeably shown in her relish for small biographical anecdotes, and in her careful account of the old dresses preserved at the Rosenborg Palace. Any profit from the sale of this "Guide," which may be purchased of Mr. David Nutt, 270, Strand, or at the bookshop (late G. C. Ursin's), 8, Kjöbmagergade, Copenhagen, will go to the building fund of the new English church. We have given an illustration of that building, which is to be opened next week in the presence of the Prince and Princess of Wales. Mrs. Andersen describes it, stating that the foundation-stone was laid by her Royal Highness on Sept. 19, 1885, when the Princess was accompanied by her husband and children, some of the Danish Royal family, and the Emperor and Empress of Russia. It stands on the Toldboden, near the Custom House, fronting the southern moat of the Kastellet or Citadel, which is at the north entrance to the harbour. Mr. E. Blomfield, of London, is the architect; the building is in the Anglo-Gothic style, with tower and spire; it is constructed of flint and sandstone. It has sitting accommodation for about two hundred and fifty worshippers.

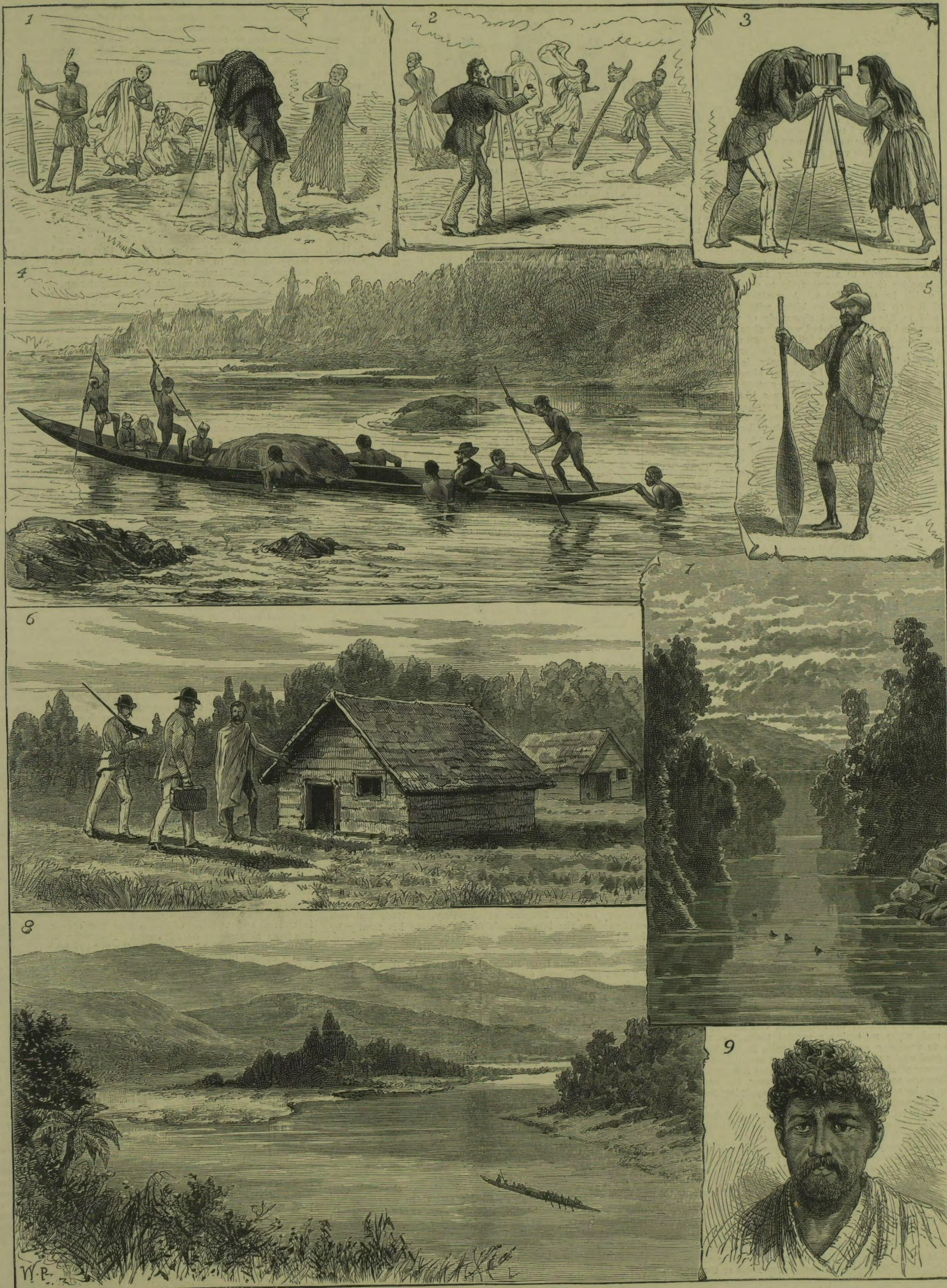


PROCESSION ENTERING THE ISLAND FROM THE SANDS.



INTERIOR OF THE ABBEY DURING MASS: "THE ELEVATION OF THE HOST."

THE ROMAN CATHOLIC PILGRIMAGE TO LINDISFARNE, HOLY ISLE, ON THE NORTHUMBERLAND COAST.



1. "Shooting" a Native: an anxious moment.
2. Terrified, they take to their heels.
3. Reciprocity.

4. Our Mode of Progression over rocks and shallows.
5. Taitua, our Helmsman, in full dress.
6. The Largest Whare in the Settlement.

7. Tangarakau, a hundred miles up the Wanganui River.
8. Mouton Island, the scene of battle between friendly and hostile natives.
9. Ngatai, Chief of the Ngatiawa Tribe, our host at Taumarunui.

BUYING BOOKS.

"When Providence," says Dr. Holmes, "throws a good book in my way, I bow to its decree and purchase it as an act of piety." It is to be feared this kind of piety is far from common in England. As a rule, you will find small libraries, even in the houses of wealthy people. No doubt, the great historical houses of the country have their great libraries, in which every work of sterling value has a place; but there can be no doubt that householders with incomes ranging from £1000 to £10,000 a year expend far more upon wine or cigars than they would dream of spending upon books.

I forget whether it was five or ten per cent of a man's income that Mark Pattison said ought to be spent in this way; but most people will regard two per cent as a lavish expenditure. They prefer spending money on old china, and will talk of purchasing a valuable volume or set of volumes as an idle piece of extravagance.

I do not forget that there are many bibliomaniacs—of book-hunters, to use a politer term—whose passion for first editions, for tall copies, for uncut copies, for Elzevirs and Aldines, or for old Bibles, is inexhaustible. Men of this class will spend a fortune upon ballads or playbills; some purchase only illustrated books; and some lavish all their affection on bindings, and will give a goodly sum for a volume, no matter what its contents may be, that bears the mark of Grolier or De Thou. The book-collector's energy is inexhaustible. He hunts in all weathers, in all countries; and would consider it the sheerest folly to attempt to read the books which he accumulates. A wealthy brother of the revered Bishop Heber was so bitten with this mania that he is said to have possessed thousands of volumes he had never seen, and on his death-bed wrote orders to his agents to purchase more. These are the follies of men who think themselves wise. They are more harmless than some follies; but the bibliomaniac, though he buys books, is no more to be commended than the man who devotes himself to the collection of walking-sticks or of postage-stamps.

It is a very different thing to form a library for the sake of using it, and because we want to exercise our friendship for the wise and good of all ages. Books are the most permanent of companions, the most trustworthy; but unless we possess them it is impossible thoroughly to appreciate their value. A book may be borrowed from the circulating library by people who, in this busy life, have what they call an idle hour to waste. The novel of the day, the volume of travels that may merit a casual glance, the book of social or political gossip that has a temporary interest, these are works for which the reader applies, and wisely applies, to Mudie's or the Grosvenor. If he is a true student and book-lover, however, he will seek in other fields for his fullest delight.

Ephemeral literature has its uses, and is not to be despised because it is ephemeral; but the man who buys books will, if he be wise, choose those in the first place that are unaffected by the lapse of time. The great works of all ages are not to be found in the circulating library; and, just because they are not there, these are the books of which the reader who is satisfied with what Mudie's weekly cart brings him is profoundly ignorant. He has read, perhaps, Ouida's last novel, or Mr. Lewis Morris's "Songs of Britain"; but, to say nothing of earlier literature, he probably does not know the chief characters in the "Waverley" novels, and has never read "The Ancient Mariner."

A house can be completely furnished in a few days with brand-new furniture, but in such a house there is no sense of home. We miss in it the memories associated with objects to which the eye has been accustomed from childhood. In the same way it is not easy to improvise a library. The book-buyer's pursuit is one that needs years and intellectual growth. The library should show his taste, and the direction of his pursuits. Books may be left to a man as a bequest, and it is one I should not object to; but the volumes we love best are those we have sought after with something like a lover's ardour, and gained at no small sacrifice. Walter Scott relates how, when a boy, as soon as he could scrape together a few shillings he bought a copy of "those beloved volumes," Percy's "Reliques of Ancient Poetry,"—books as dear to the ballad-loving poet in old age as they were in youth; and "Elia's" Cousin Bridget, in that delightful essay, "Old China," relates a bit of Charles and Mary Lamb's own experience when she describes how Elia, after eyeing the purchase for weeks, became the happy possessor of a folio "Beaumont and Fletcher." "Was there no pleasure," the good Bridget asks her cousin, "in being a poor man? and do the neat clothes you wear now give you as much pleasure as the threadbare suit which you wore for four or five weeks longer than you should have done to pacify your conscience for the mighty sum of fifteen or sixteen shillings, was it?—great affair we thought it then—which you had lavished on the old folio?"

Enthusiasm like that felt by Lamb for the Elizabethan dramatists is what is especially needed for the formation of a library. The buyer, if he have a strong bent in one direction, will satisfy that first. If history be his special study, the historians will figure most conspicuously; if theology, the theologians; if poetry, the poets. This is reasonable enough; but there is no branch of study that can be fitly pursued alone, and, after satisfying a special taste, the man who wishes to possess a good library should, in the first place, secure good copies of the greatest authors in all the prominent departments of literature which his country has produced. It is a disgrace to apply to a public library for books that deserve to be read and re-read. Fancy applying to Mudie's for a Shakespeare or a Milton, a "Don Quixote" or a Waverley novel, for Boswell's "Life of Johnson" or Lockhart's "Life of Scott"? However limited the book-buyer's taste or means, it especially behoves him, if bent on culture, to possess good library copies of the great poets and historians of his country. Poetry, apart from its intrinsic value as the most elevating and delightful of intellectual gifts, opens up many a fair path of literary study; and, without a knowledge of past history, a man is helplessly adrift when he attempts to steer through the conflicting currents of contemporary politics. But what can the student know of history or of poetry unless he have the books at hand upon his shelves for reference as well as for study? It may be possible to read a borrowed book with some advantage, but it is the pursuit of knowledge under great difficulties. You are limited in time, and you are not privileged, as Coleridge was, to make your notes on the margin as you go on. Almost always I decline lending, even my best friends, volumes which they ought to have in their own libraries; and, if I yield in a too easy moment, the probability is I suffer for my folly afterwards. The most honest people in the world have a peculiarity—they forget to return books. Let me end by repeating with more emphasis what I have already suggested, that the foundation of a library should be laid in early life. To see it grow by slow but sure degrees is a rare delight, and the boy who spends his "tips" in this way will, as he grows to be a man, spend more, until in the course of years he will gather around him a host of "never-failing friends."—J. D.

The annual British Pharmaceutical Conference has been held this week in Manchester.

OBITUARY.

VISCOUNT DONERAILE.

The Right Hon. Hayes St. Leger, fourth Viscount Doneraile in the Peerage of Ireland, died on the 26th ult. Seven months ago his Lordship and his coachman were bitten by a pet fox which was discovered to be suffering from rabies, and by medical advice he went with his coachman to Paris, where he



was for some weeks under the treatment of M. Pasteur. He returned apparently cured; but on the evening of the 20th ult. unmistakable symptoms of hydrophobia appeared, resulting in his Lordship's death on the 26th. His Lordship was born Oct. 1, 1818, only son of Hayes, third Viscount Doneraile, by Charlotte Esther, his wife, daughter of Francis, Earl of Bandon, and was educated at Eton, and at Christ Church, Oxford. He was a J.P. and D.L. in the county of Cork, Hon. Colonel 9th Battalion King's Royal Rifle Corps, and a representative Peer for Ireland. The deceased nobleman married, in 1851, Mary Anne Grace Louisa, only daughter of Mr. G. Lennox Conyngham, and has left an only child, Ursula Clare Emily, who married, in 1874, Lord Castletown. The heir to the Viscounty of Doneraile is Richard Arthur St. Leger, born Feb. 22, 1825, grandson of the Hon. Richard St. Leger, M.P., second son of the first Viscount.

SIR F. S. HEAD, BART.

Sir Francis Somerville Head, second Baronet, died on the 26th ult. at his residence, Newberries, Radlett, Herts. He was born, May 26, 1817, eldest son of the Right Hon. Sir Francis Bond Head, first Baronet, by Julia Valenza, his wife, sister of Kenelm, seventeenth Lord Somerville, and served in the Bengal Civil Service from 1836 to 1843. He stood for Mid Kent at the General Election of 1868, but was defeated after a close contest. Sir Francis married, Dec. 12, 1843, Mary Jane, eldest daughter of Mr. Robert Garnett, of Wyreside, in the county of Lancaster, and is succeeded by his eldest son, the present Sir Robert Garnett Head, third Baronet, born in 1845, and married in 1880 to Florence Julia, daughter of Mr. Robert John Pollock, 8th Madras Cavalry, second son of Lord Chief Baron Pollock.

SIR WYNDHAM HANMER, BART.

Sir Wyndham Edward Hanmer, fourth Baronet of Hanmer, in the county of Flint, J.P. and D.L., High Sheriff 1885, late Major Royal Horse Guards, died on the 25th ult. He was born Dec. 24, 1810, the second son of Lieutenant-Colonel Thomas Hanmer, by Arabella Charlotte, his wife, eldest daughter and co-heiress of Thomas S. Dyott Bucknall, Esq., M.P., and grandson of Sir Thomas Hanmer, second Baronet. He succeeded to the title March 8, 1881, on the death, without issue, of his elder brother, Lord Hanmer, whose peerage then expired. Sir Wyndham married first, March 10, 1842, Marie Louise, younger daughter of Sir John Conroy, first Baronet, and secondly, Oct. 2, 1877, Harriet Frances, eldest daughter of Colonel the Hon. Henry Hely-Hutchinson. His son, now Sir Edward John Hanmer, fifth Baronet, born in 1843, married in 1865, Mary Elizabeth, daughter of Colonel Richard Fosse, and has issue.

BARON DE HOCHÉPIED LARPENT.

Arthur John, Baron De Hochepied Larpent, died at Keymer, near Brighton, on the 24th ult. The deceased Baron, born March 18, 1832, son of John James, seventh Baron De Hochepied Larpent, by Georgiana Frances, his wife, daughter of Mr. Frederic Reeves, of East Sheen, Surrey, served in the Bombay Civil Service, 1855 from 1877. The Baron married, in 1859, Catherine Mary, second daughter of Major-General Sir Peter Melvill Melvill, K.C.B., and by her, who died in 1872, leaves issue. His only son, John Melvill, now ninth Baron De Hochepied Larpent, was born at Poonah, Sept. 17, 1860. The title of Baron was conferred on this family by his Majesty Leopold, Emperor of Germany, in 1704, and was confirmed to the late Baron's father and to his family by Royal license in England, Sept. 27, 1819.

SIR JOSEPH LYON DICKSON.

Sir Joseph Ritchie Lyon Dickson, Knight, M.D., died at Malta on the 7th ult., aged sixty-seven. He was son of Mr. John Dickson, R.N., of Dalkeith, Lord Nelson's surgeon at Copenhagen, and was for forty years Physician to her Majesty's Legation at the Court of Persia. In 1849 he was called to attend the Shah during the absence of his Majesty's body-physician and received in acknowledgment of his successful attendance the Commander's Star of the Lion and Sun. Sir Joseph was attached to the staff of his Persian Majesty on his visit to Europe in 1873, in which year he received the honour of knighthood.

We have also to record the deaths of—

Lieutenant-Colonel Henry Mant Gilby, late 32nd Foot, aged fifty-two. He was last surviving son of the Rev. Francis Duncan Gilby, of Cheltenham.

Lady Theodosia Julia Ashburnham, on the 22nd ult., at The Holms, Clapham, aged eighty-five. She was the second daughter of George, third Earl of Ashburnham, and aunt of the present Earl.

Mr. Augustus Whitehall Parker Jervis, on the 19th ult., at Scarborough, aged forty-two. He was third surviving son of the Hon. Edward Swynfen Parker Jervis, of Aston Hall, Staffordshire, and grandson of the second Viscount St. Vincent.

General Colin Campbell McIntyre, C.B., on the 24th ult., at Grandholm, Teignmouth, aged eighty-one. He entered the Army in 1825, and served with the 74th Highlanders in the Persian Campaign 1857 (medal with clasp), and in Indian Mutiny Campaign, 1857-8 (medal with two clasps).

Mr. Rowland Hugh Cotton, on the 20th ult., at his seat, Etwell Hall, in the county of Derby, aged fifty-four. Mr. Cotton was a J.P. of the counties of Derby and Stafford, and Hon. Major 4th Battalion North Staffordshire Regiment. He married, in 1862, Mary Louise, only daughter of Mr. John Bill, of Farley Hall, in the county of Stafford, and leaves one son and five daughters.

Mr. Charles Romilly, fifth son of the late Sir Samuel Romilly, on the 28th ult., at his residence in Wilton-crescent. He was in his eightieth year, and was formerly Clerk of the Crown in Chancery. Mr. Romilly married in January, 1832, Lady Georgiana Russell, eldest daughter of John, sixth Duke of Bedford.

THE "KING COUNTRY" OF NEW ZEALAND.

A large portion of the Maori race in the North Island of New Zealand, inhabiting the highlands and forests of the interior west of the Upper Waikato and Lake Taupo, and southward to the Wanganui, still adhere to their native customs; and the confederacy of tribes is presided over by a superior chief, who is permitted to call himself their King. There have been several personages of extensive local authority bearing this title, with little real power, except in the magisterial adjudication of tribal disputes; not aggressively ambitious, and having no command of military forces or revenues that would render them dangerous to their colonial neighbours. The visit of King Tawhiao to London excited some curiosity and amusement in English society about three years ago. The Government of New Zealand, and the inhabitants of Auckland, New Plymouth, and other settled parts of the island, completely surrounding the "King Country," seldom take notice of this remnant of the native race beyond the pale of ordinary civil administration, except in case of any intrusion on the lands officially assigned for European settlement; while the Maoris living within the colonial jurisdiction have full enjoyment of the rights of British subjects, and elect their own representatives to the General Assembly at Wellington. The best description of the "King Country," and of the present condition of the self-ruling tribes, is that given by Mr. J. H. Kerry-Nicholls, in a volume published in 1884 by Messrs. Sampson Low, Marston, and Co., to which we have referred on former occasions. It contains an excellent map, on which his precise definition of the "aukati" or boundary-line, circumscribing the King Country, may be clearly traced. The population can hardly exceed 20,000; the principal tribes are the Waikato, Ngatimanapoto, Ngatiawa and five or six others, probably of kindred race, whose various names begin with "Ngati," not reckoning those dwelling in the peninsula north of Auckland, or those in the eastern part of the island. Tawhiao, the son of Matutaera (Potatau II.) and grandson of Potatau Te Wherowhero, who was the first to be styled King, in 1858, is chief of the Waikato tribe, in the north part of the King Country. Major Te Wheoro, who accompanied him to England, holds a commission in the colonial Militia, having rendered good service to the British Government in former Maori wars; he has also a magistrate's commission, and is or was a member of the House of Representatives at Wellington.

The Maori tribes farther to the south, in the mountainous district above the confluence of the Manganui-a-te-ao, west of Mount Ruapehu, with the Wanganui river, which flows to the south-west coast of the island, form a different group. We are indebted to Mr. E. W. Payton for the use of the Sketches taken by himself in that remote part of the King Country, which has recently been traversed by a private expedition from the well-known colonial town of Wanganui, going up the river in "dug-out" canoes, and "roughing it" a good deal in a journey of nearly two months. The bed of the river was found, in many places, rocky and shallow, and the stream ran very swift, calling for much care and skill on the part of Taitua, the native helmsman, and sometimes for the efforts of Maori attendants, wading beside the canoe, pushing, lifting, or hauling it over the obstacles to navigation. The white men, or "pakeha," generally met with a friendly reception; and the largest "whare," or native house, would be offered for their accommodation at night; but the dimensions of even this house might not perhaps exceed 6 ft. by 8 ft., and 3 ft. in height, with a doorway 2 ft. high, so that the tallest man of the party found it difficult to get in. No photographer had ever before visited this part of the country, and his camera was dreaded by some of the natives as an infernal machine, or as some kind of artillery contrivance to shoot them. When it was levelled at some of the old ones their courage gave way, and they took to their heels, the women scolding violently; but the young men liked having their portraits taken. The expedition passed several noted battle-fields of the Maori war, such as Pipiriki or Mouton Island; and, leaving the canoe, they rode to Kihikihi, returning to the abodes of civilised men.

ROYAL NATIONAL LIFE-BOAT INSTITUTION.

At a meeting of this institution, held on Thursday, the 1st inst., at its house, John-street, Adelphi, the silver medal of the institution and a copy of the vote inscribed on vellum were voted to Sergeant Patrick McPhillips, R.I.C., for putting off in a boat and rescuing a man who had gone out to sea in a punt, and was drifting in a helpless condition on to a ledge of rocks off Aranmore Island, during a strong north-west wind on July 19. Rewards were also granted to the crews of life-boats of the institution and to those of shore-boats and others for saving life from shipwrecks on our coasts. Payments amounting to £2167 were ordered to be made on the 292 life-boat establishments of the institution. Among the contributions recently received were £750 from E. Homan, Esq., of Finchley, to defray the cost of the life-boat about to be sent to Weymouth, which is to be named "Friern Watch"; £475 from the Cyclists' Jubilee Life-boat Fund, per Mr. Henry Sturmer, on account of the cost of a life-boat; £52 10s. from the Worshipful Company of Drapers (annual subscription); and £6 3s. collected on board the steam-yacht Ceylon. New life-boats were sent, during the past month, to Stornoway, Montrose, North Berwick, Falmouth, Whitby, Sunderland, and North Deal.

Prince Bismarck, who was weighed the other day at Kissingen, finds that he is of just the same weight as at this time last year—namely, two hundred and seven pounds.

Another important addition has been made to the active list of the Navy by the commissioning of the powerful steel armour-plated ship Edinburgh, 9 guns, 9150 tons, 7500-horse power, by Captain St. B. Palliser, with a complement of 460 officers and men. When ready, she is to proceed to the Mediterranean station to take the place of the Téméraire. The Thalia, 8, screw corvette, Captain Pattison, left Devonport on Monday for Portsmouth. She is under orders to proceed to the Mediterranean station with new crews for the Polyphemus and Dolphin, to be re-commissioned. Her Majesty's torpedo gun-vessel Grasshopper was launched at Sheerness on Tuesday.

Some excavations proceeding in Piccadilly on the site of the new premises of the Junior Travellers' Club have brought to light many interesting objects. The houses which are built on that portion of the thoroughfare have for their foundations a series of well-formed arches, at a depth of about sixteen feet from the surface. In piercing some of these, great difficulty was experienced on account of the toughness of the substance of which they are constructed. This having been overcome, a series of subterranean passages, apparently connected, were discovered. These were full of foul gases, and contained a vast quantity of rubbish, among which have been disclosed numerous articles of interest. Not the least interesting is a red granite tomb, dated 1509, some bronze armour, several fowling-pieces, a richly embossed lamp, and a large quantity of vellum manuscripts. The vaults have been only partly explored, and further discoveries are anticipated.

NOVELS.

The Crusade of the Excelsior. By Bret Harte. Two vols. (F. V. White and Co.).—The readers of the *Illustrated London News* had the privilege of first making acquaintance with this lively American romance of personal adventures on the Pacific coast of Mexico. They are qualified already to recommend the two volumes in which it is now reprinted to their friends who missed the opportunity of enjoying it in our pages. The name of Bret Harte, indeed, not less in England than in the United States, is a sufficient promise of literary entertainment. He has chosen, for the background of place, time, and circumstance, in this brisk and humorous tale, the alarmed condition of certain Spanish-American republics about the year 1853, when the recent annexation of Upper California, after the gold discoveries, to the United States, occasioned some political disturbance along that western side of the Continent. The sequestered peninsula of Lower California, remaining a province of Mexico, may have contained, at that time, isolated local communities still preserving, in their antiquated simplicity, the habits and ideas of the Spanish colonial period. By a permissible indulgence of romantic fancy, the clever author imagines that the little municipal town and district of Todos Santos, encompassed on three sides by the desert, and veiled from sight on its sea front by a perpetual ocean mist covering the intricate channel to its harbour, was quite shut in from the world. Its rulers are the Military Comandante, Don Miguel Briones, a sort of elderly Don Quixote; the Alcalde or Mayor, Don Ramon Ramirez, and the priest, Padre Esteban, a devout Franciscan friar of much practical ability, who in fact controls the civil government, the population being mostly half-breeds or Indians. We believe there were, and probably there still are, places in that region—certainly, in Central and South America—much resembling Todos Santos in their elements of social life; and the exaggeration of supposing its chief men to be ignorant of past changes in the political relations of the United States to Mexico is an excusable, indeed, an excellent, historical joke. Suddenly, by the artful contrivance of a singular adventurer, who is the real hero of the story—Señor Leonidas Perkins, the ever alert, bland, serene, poetical professor of universal sentiment, an inveterate and relentless political schemer—the barque *Excelsior*, diverted from her chartered voyage between Callao and San Francisco, strays into the unknown harbour of Todos Santos. She brings a party of innocent passengers, ladies and gentlemen, who are dexterously left ashore by Perkins, taking away the ship on filibustering service, and are compelled to pass several months at Todos Santos, making a fine comedy of their intercourse with the polite and hospitable Mexicans; for Bret Harte has an unerring talent of bringing out, in strong relief and striking contrast, the peculiar characteristics of any set of people he has observed. The men of the *Excelsior* company—Mr. Banks, the stiff Yankee merchant, part-owner of the lost vessel; Captain Bunker, the rude skipper, who gets drunk and goes mad; Brace, Winslow, and Crosby, young mining prospectors—have not so much originality of character as the women. We are greatly amused by the manners and conversation of the two married ladies, the frivolous Mrs. Brimmer and the resolute intelligent Mrs. Markham, in the absence of their husbands, who are kept waiting their arrival at San Francisco. Their difference of character is shown by the degree in which they accommodate themselves to the foreign usages of Mexican society, and by their reception of the gallant attentions of the chivalrous Dons. The incident of Mrs. Markham being compromised with the Todos Santos Government by a friendly letter to her from "the pirate Perkins," and then of her being delivered from a mild imprisonment by the spirited action of Miss Eleanor Keene, is one of the most effective scenes. Eleanor Keene, of course a beautiful, refined, and high-souled young woman, is the destined heroine of the necessary love-business, in which James Hurlstone, a mysterious fellow-passenger of very eccentric disposition, plays the part of lover. The conduct of Hurlstone, from first to last, does not seem to us sufficiently accounted for by his position and antecedents. He has left the United States in order to escape from a shameless and heartless wife, a ballet-dancer of immodest notoriety going by another name. This is a proper reason for his virtuous and honourable behaviour in refraining from the expression of his feelings towards Miss Keene; why it should drive him to thoughts of suicide, or to desperate attempts to hide himself from his fellow-travellers, and to seeking refuge in the monastic cell with Father Esteban, is not fully explained; for these people knew nothing about him or his bad wife, nor was she likely to pursue him. Hurlstone's character is the weak point of the story; and the real hero, as we have remarked, is the unique, the marvellous, the fascinating Perkins, the prime mover of the main plot. This revolutionary Liberator and Dictator of Quinquambo, this cunning conspirator, this ruthless political fanatic, who has no scruple about piracy and murder, is an amiable enthusiast, the gentlest of companions, tender to children, a constant writer of sentimental poetry, and a social orator whose airy, high-flown, gracious eloquence breathes the most delightful spirit of humane goodwill. Men of this type, ferocious philanthropists who think that the end justifies the means, are known to have existed; they are extremely dangerous to the public peace; they often come to be hanged or shot, like this unlucky Perkins; yet we feel almost sorry for their fate.

Allegra. By Mary West. Two vols. (T. Fisher Unwin).—It is nearly forty years since the commencement of the Italian patriotic struggle, which was the conspiracy of a whole nation, to shake off the Austrian dominion. This authoress has evidently much acquaintance with the ordinary characteristics, habits, tastes, manners, and behaviour of the Milanese youth, but, we must suppose, of a later generation. The Milan insurrection, early in 1848, driving out the Austrian Government and garrison, after five days' street fighting, occasioned the war begun that year in Lombardy and Venice against the foreign ruler and the revolutionary movements in Tuscany, Romagna, and other States of Italy. The heroine of this tale, in spite of her Italian baptismal name, is a young Englishwoman, Allegra Winton, one of two daughters of a bookseller in London, who is an enthusiastic amateur of music. He allows her to reside in a "pension" at Milan while she receives instruction for the profession of vocalist from an old "maestro," Signor Morelli. The self-opinionated teacher and composer, with his peremptory, unceremonious, often rude and harsh manner, his ludicrous testiness and irascibility, and his cowardice, redeemed by warm natural affections and strict integrity, is excellent as a study of character. The figure of his homely, bustling wife, kindly, helpful, whole-hearted, but ignorant, a matchless cook, a vehement and eloquent scold, a devoted spouse and mother, is also very good. Their son, Luigi, preaching middle age, is a grave and studious disciple of Mazzini, a high-minded patriot and Republican, and a dramatic poet. Two friends of his, who are presently introduced to Miss Winton, are destined powerfully to affect both her own life and that of her younger sister in London. These are Giulio Cetane, an accomplished and engaging, but selfish man of the world; and the Count Felice Di Villari, ardent,

versatile, and eagerly ambitious, son of a Piedmontese Marquis of the old-fashioned "Codino" or Tory party. The Italian dilettanti admire the young Englishwoman, meeting her in mixed native and foreign society, which is shrewdly described. Cetane, being disposed to marry, if not an heiress, one whose fine voice, properly trained, will earn a large income on the opera stage, becomes the successful suitor. When she, after two years, and after breaking down from nervousness in her first public appearance at the La Scala theatre, goes home to her father, she is followed to London by Cetane with the understanding that they are to be married here. But Mr. Winton, the music-loving bookseller, has by neglect of his business fallen into poverty. The family are soon plunged into still deeper distress on account of his second daughter, Cecilia, a girl more beautiful even than Allegra, romantic, imaginative, and easily yielding to the tender persuasion of a lover. Felice Villari, being in London and calling on Miss Winton, sees the more lovely younger sister; he comes again and again, sharing her father's musical tastes, and reading Italian with Cecilia, while Allegra has begun giving lessons to support the family. Before long, Villari is suddenly recalled to Turin; and poor little Cecilia, not much beyond her childhood, elopes with him; there is no further news of her fate, and it is feared that she has fallen into irretrievable disgrace, as Villari's patrician connections would not permit him such a marriage. Mr. Winton, already failing in health, has a severe paralytic shock; Allegra cannot leave him, and, having renounced her career as a public singer, is coolly enough released by Cetane from an engagement which he had sought with mercenary views. The third man of the Italian trio, the virtuous, modest, and unselfish Luigi Morelli, one of the Lombard insurgent leaders in 1848, afterwards condemned to five years' exile, also comes to London, as such men did, on an errand to Mazzini. He sympathises with Allegra, and exerts himself in every way to find out where Cecilia has gone, or to extort from Villari some sort of explanation, but without avail; naturally, however, this friendship and the gratitude of Allegra, with her esteem for Luigi's noble consistency, results in an abiding attachment. On the death of her father, she takes Luigi for her husband, and returns with him to Milan, where he quietly continues his literary work. It is about the year 1853 that they are seen there living happily together. In the meantime, Cecilia, deceived by a French civil marriage which was invalid from the lack of certain legal conditions, had been placed by Villari, now a rising diplomatic agent of Cavour's Turin Government, in a villa on the shores of the Lake of Garda. She has every luxury and adornment provided for her, but his visits are brief and rare, though he treats her with fondness; till at length, in his absence, learning that she is not a lawful wife, and that his father insists on his marrying a rich lady of rank, Cecilia gives way to despair; and going on the lake alone in a small boat, suffers herself to be carried away by an approaching furious storm. All believe her to be drowned. Six years more pass by, and in 1859, with the aid of France, the war for the liberation of Italy summons to the field both Luigi as a Lombard volunteer, and Villari, as an officer of the Piedmontese army. The authoress, we observe, maintains commendable accuracy in her references to historical facts and dates. She does not attempt to describe the battles of Magenta and Solferino, or the victorious entry into Milan; but depicts the scenes of passionate anxiety and joyful exultation among the citizens, the midnight thanksgiving of the people in the Duomo, and the care of the wounded soldiers in the hospitals. One of the nurses there is a nun, strangely altered by religious discipline, but recognised by Allegra as her long-lost sister, who had escaped drowning in the lake, had taken refuge in a chapel, and had dedicated her after life to the service of the Church. One of the dying soldiers is Felice Villari, mortally wounded at the famous tower of San Martino on the memorable day of Solferino, but living to receive the pardon of her whom he had wronged. This story is told with a close interweaving of the essential incidents, with a sufficiency of motives and propriety of consequent actions, and with a sustained fidelity to the lifelike conceptions of individual character, that we do not often find in the novels of the day; while it is entirely free from commonplace sentiments and reflections.

Too Curious. One vol. By Edward J. Goodman (R. Bentley and Son).—We remember a tale of Eastern life, "Noureddin, or the Talisman of Futurity," resembling in its main idea that of this clever and ingenious story; which is, however, perfectly original in its design, and is a harmless, and even salutary, application of the fancy of supernatural powers just now in vogue among our writers of romance. Angus Paul, a briefless barrister in the Temple, receives the gift of foreknowledge of any particular event or circumstance, one fact at a time, upon his distinct request; but is forbidden to reveal any such fact to others, and is unable in any way to control or alter the future. It would be miserable to possess this gift, as we learnt many years ago from "Noureddin"; and the same lesson is forcibly brought to us, in this modern example, among the varied accidents and the social and domestic conditions of London at the present day. Thoughtful experience of life, underlying a well-contrived fabric of interesting fiction, recommends the obvious moral of "Too Curious," and the form in which it is embodied. The hero, or rather victim, of so fatal a talent begins with trying its efficacy upon an unknown elderly gentleman, whom he chances to see in the Strand. As a mere experiment, he asks the inward voice to tell him what house that gentleman will first enter. The answer is "No. 304, Old Bond-street." He follows the stranger three hours, going through different streets, till he actually reaches the one foretold, and buys something at that very house, which is a jeweller's shop. "What house will he next enter?" Mr. Paul asks, and the reply is, "University College Hospital." A few minutes afterwards, he sees the old gentleman run over by a cab in Oxford-street, and taken to that hospital. "Will he recover?" is the next question. "He will recover." So it goes on; he makes the acquaintance of the injured man, a Mr. Rayner, who resides at Bayswater, with a daughter, Ethel, and a son, Frank. The relations that subsequently arise between Angus Paul and these members of the Rayner family, and several other persons connected with them, furnish the substantial materials of the story. It is frequently involved, of course, in most perplexing and distressing situations by his unadvised use of the gift of foreknowledge, without power to alter the predestined event, or to give warning to his friends. "Too Curious" is a very good tale of its kind. The only advantageous use that Paul can make of his strange faculty is to win money by betting on the Newmarket races and by dealings on the Stock Exchange. He is unable to save Frank Rayner from disgrace and suicide occasioned by the frauds of his partner, Craven Lumley; or to save Ethel, whom he loves, from the crisis of a mental malady which all but kills her. At length, he prays to have the supernatural gift taken away, and becomes a happy man.

In the presence of a large crowd, Sir Savile B. Crossley, M.P., on Monday opened the Jubilee bridge which spans the ravine in the park at Lowestoft. The bridge, which cost upwards of £1500, is the gift of Mr. W. Youngman, Deputy Mayor.

PRINCE FERDINAND IN BULGARIA.

The proceedings at several towns in Bulgaria on the occasion of the arrival of Prince Ferdinand of Coburg, who has been elected by the Sobranje or National Assembly to rule over that State, but whose election has not been confirmed, in accordance with the Treaty of Berlin, by the sanction of the Sultan and by the assent of the several Great European Powers, were related in our last week's publication. His entry into the city of Sofia, on Monday, the 2nd ult., is the subject of one of our illustrations, from a sketch by our correspondent there. His Highness came by railway from Philippopolis, and entered the city at half-past six in the evening. He rode on horseback, and appeared in the uniform of a Bulgarian General, his breast being covered with a blaze of decorations. The Prince was surrounded by a brilliant staff; all in gala uniform. A great concourse of the citizens met him; while deputations representing every guild, every public association, every creed and race, marched out with flags and banners to present their addresses. Ladies in gay attire, with bouquets in their hands, were present in large numbers; schoolchildren were posted to scatter flowers on the road. The troops were employed to line the road; and without arms. The Prince first went to the Cathedral to receive the blessing of the Church; and while this ceremony was going on, a long-threatening thunderstorm broke over the city. Afterwards as he stood in the courtyard of the palace receiving the congratulations of the officers, while the guns were firing the salute, and the military bands were playing the Bulgarian National Anthem, the darkening gloom of the evening was broken by repeated flashes of lurid lightning. At half-past seven Prince Ferdinand entered the palace; and the Princely flag with the Bulgarian lion, hauled down nearly twelve months ago, after the departure of Prince Alexander, was once more silently hoisted over the roof of the palace.

KRUPP'S BIGGEST GUN FOR THE ITALIAN NAVY.

The great German manufacturer of steel, and of the most powerful artillery, Herr Alfred Krupp, who died on July 14, had in hand, at Essen, for two years past, a gun constructed for the Italian Navy which is the largest hitherto produced. We give an illustration of this huge piece of ordnance, as it appeared when placed on a special railway wagon for conveyance to Antwerp, where it was put on board ship to be carried round into the Mediterranean, consigned to the Italian naval arsenal at Spezia. The railway truck, built expressly for this purpose, was 75 ft. long, with thirty-two wheels and sixteen axles; but its length could form bendings, at six points, to pass round curves on the line of rails; this carriage, without its load, weighed ninety-six tons. The gun, which weighs a hundred and eighteen tons, is 45 ft. long, and its internal calibre is nearly sixteen inches, rifled with ninety-two spiral turns. It throws a steel projectile weighing nearly one ton, with a charge of six cwt. of brown prismatic powder, having an initial velocity of 614 yards in a second, and a range of nearly eight miles; the shot can penetrate a steel armour-plate thirty-six inches thick, immediately at the mouth of the gun, and a plate twenty-nine inches thick, it is estimated, at the distance of a mile or more. It is believed that no armour-plated ship in the world can endure the fire of such powerful guns. Krupp's factory, however, is now engaged in making two of still larger dimensions.

PUBLIC WORKS IN IRELAND.

The fifty-fifth report of the Commissioners of Public Works in Ireland, which was issued on Tuesday morning, states that during the year ended March 31 last, 1358 loans were made, amounting to £623,400, a decrease of 808 in the number of loans, and of £185,116 in their amount, compared with the previous year. The reduction as regards numbers arises mainly from the reduced number of applications for loans for the improvement of land both by landlords and tenants, which is to a great extent apparently accounted for by the disturbed and unsettled state of the country. The report points out that the operations under the arterial drainage service have dwindled down to four small loans amounting to £14,882. The dual ownership of land arising out of the Land Law Act of 1881 does not encourage landlords who are primarily responsible for the cost of such works to take steps to promote them, except in cases in which they themselves are in the occupation of the lands. In the case also of loans to landlords under the Land Improvement Act, the operations, no doubt for the same reasons as in the case of arterial drainage, show a marked decrease in number and in amount. The advances to tenants for the improvement of land shows also a decided decline, partly due to the necessity of examining the security more searchingly and insisting on the production of rent-receipt to the latest date before the instalment is issued. The Commissioners regret to report that the arrears of repayment continue to increase. The outstanding balances were £8,163,579, an increase of £366,623 upon the year.

A return which has been presented to Parliament shows that the deposits and cash balances in joint-stock banks in Ireland, which in June, 1886, stood at £29,223,000, having shown a decrease of £17,000 compared with the corresponding period of the preceding year, have risen to £29,339,000 in June of this year.

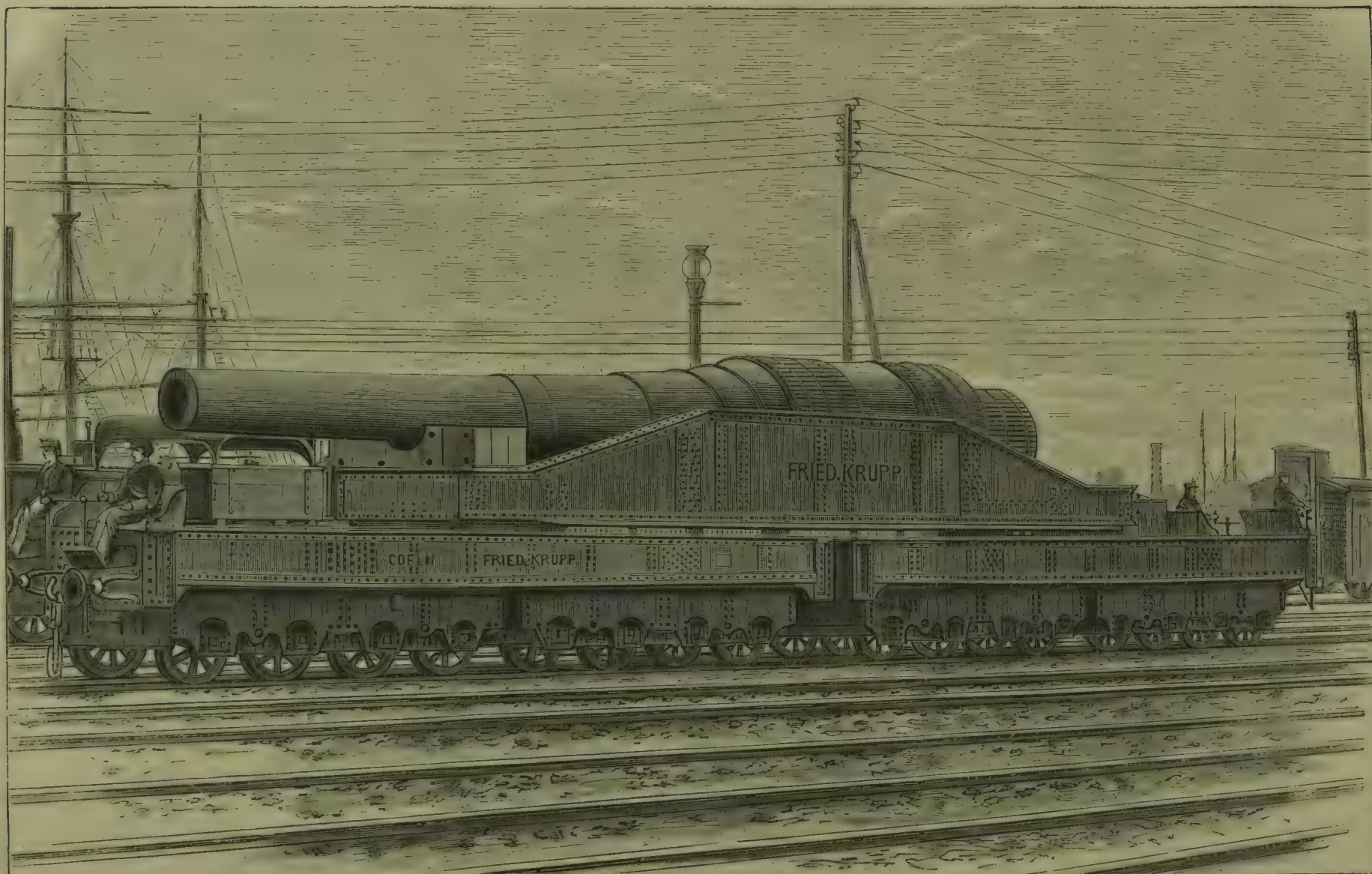
The missing boat of the steamer *City of Montreal*, containing six of the crew and seven passengers, arrived safely at Falmouth last week, having been rescued in the Atlantic by the German vessel *Mathilde*, after being exposed in an open boat for four days.

The Earl of Zetland has returned to his tenants on the Aske estates 20 per cent of their last half-year's rents. The Earl has given £100 towards building a cottage hospital at Richmond, Yorkshire, in commemoration of the Queen's Jubilee.—Lord Cawdor and Lord Dynevor have, in consideration of the present depression, each announced an abatement of 10 per cent to all the agricultural tenants on their estates in Wales.

In very unfavourable weather, the 2nd City of London Volunteers competed on Monday at the Rainham ranges for a number of handsome trophies presented by the City Companies. The Remington challenge cup and jewel was taken by Private Richardson, with twenty-three points out of the highest possible twenty-five. Private Osman won the second prize and Sergeant Bond the third prize. The contest for the challenge clock, given by the Merchant Taylors' Company, resulted in a tie between Private White and Major Rodwell. In shooting off Private White was declared the winner of the clock and jewel. The next competition was for the challenge cup presented by the Salters' Company. Private Shand became the winner of the cup and jewel, Private Cuttress being second. The marksmen then presented themselves at the 700-yards firing-point for the long-range competition for the challenge cup given by the Joiners' Company. The cup and jewel were won easily by Private Hoare.



THE BULGARIAN CRISIS: ENTRY OF PRINCE FERDINAND INTO SOFIA.



KRUPP'S LATEST BIG GUN, PLACED ON THE RAILWAY FOR CONVEYANCE TO THE ITALIAN NAVAL ARSENAL AT SPEZIA.



SKETCHES IN BURMAH: A SERMON FROM THE PHOONGYE.

IN CHANCERY.

Surrounded by a high wall, over which the fluffy tufts of the wild clematis are nodding in the faint autumnal air, the empty, desolate mansion rears its ghost-like towers, square and solid, into the clear pale-blue atmosphere. Even the air seems unreal and dream-like in the silence that appears to hang round it, and enwrap it as if with a mantle, and keep off all those who pause for a moment, attracted by its useless magnificence, and yet who pass by, not having the courage necessary to attack the rusty bell-handle, or raise the knocker, over which the spiders have twined cobwebs thickly, or hesitate to push open the smaller wicket in the walls, where the tall campions are standing sentinel, as if to keep off all intruders.

The wall is very high and thick, and appears as if raised to stand between the wind and the nobility of the owner or designer of this melancholy palace, which is standing all alone and empty, year in and year out, and yet that bears, curiously enough, we know not how, not one trace of old age or decay. The windows seen over the wall are crystal clear, and unbroken; no hanging and battered tiles threaten destruction by an early fall; no shabby, blistered paint suggests pecuniary decadence; but all looks swept and garnished, well-kept, well looked after, despite the absolute emptiness of the house. The positive silence and absence of life that lie beyond the wall, give us a feeling of the presence of unseen caretakers that is as uncanny as it is undoubtedly present with us, as we, bolder than others, near the wall, and push open the low heavy gate, that is set curiously enough in the solid masonry raised between the outside world and the garden that surrounds the sleeping palace within the walls.

Closing the gate behind us, we discover we are standing in the home of Autumn, and that we have found for ourselves where she really lies waiting for Summer to withdraw her rosy feet from the world, and turn her lovely shoulders on the gardens and fields made so happy by her perfect presence. For here, in leafy gorgeousness, stand the magnificent dahlias; and here the yellow sunflower rears its stately blossom, on the dark brown heart of which hang numberless bees, drinking deeply of the maddening sweetness; and here are roses, hastily throwing out long shoots as if eager to catch hold of the retreating form of Summer; while later blossoms bloom incompletely and timidly, as flowers always do bloom in early autumn, as if in haste to exist and flourish though late and shortly, rather than never flourish at all, before the winter comes, when any existence is indeed impossible.

All below the house is a long bright band of colour; blue first, covered now with innumerable white-winged common butterflies, that rise just a little way as we approach, then loose their wings, and finally settle down again on the lobelia; then comes yellow calceolaria, and then blazing masses of scarlet geraniums, banked up by a low, thick-growing hedge of crimson and white and purple fuchsias. These are close up to the wide bright windows of the mansion, through which we can gaze unchecked into the vast empty rooms, the magnificent desolate hall, where no one comes or moves, and yet

where there does not seem so much as a grain of dust, one filmy, graceful festoon of the ordinary grey cobweb.

On the sun-lit wall velvet-cheeked peaches are blushing, and fill the air with scent in the warm heat of the sunshine; purple plums, dense blue on one side, crude green the other, where they touch the wall, are hanging out temptation to the robber wasps; beyond the peaches vast stores of apples, reddening beautifully among the sombre leaves, already just touched with yellow, hang ungathered on the trees, trained carefully on cordons all along the walls, where vegetables and humble gooseberry and currant bushes are standing close to tall Japanese lilies and low-growing clumps of brilliantly-coloured and well-chosen China and German asters. Farther on still, pears are turning ripe; and as we proceed, blackbirds fly out of the spreading mulberry-tree with a frightened chuckle, and dash, disturbed in their plunder of the scarcely-ripened fruit that hangs thickly under the broad leaves, and promises an ample crop in a very few days more of glowing sunshine.

Sundry sombre trees, old as the mulberry on the lawn itself, cluster round the walls that hem in the house, and appear to whisper to each other of the story that must be attached to this singular place; but we cannot understand their murmurs and endeavour to learn the mystery for ourselves by penetrating into the house, that reminds us of Aladdin's palace somehow, and that it would not surprise us to see whisked up into the air before our eyes; nor should we be much amazed did it fade away altogether, like a magic-lantern slide.

But empty, swept and garnished, as it is—mysterious and ghostlike as it equally undoubtedly is—there is an air of unmistakable and tangible solidity and gorgeousness of ample detail about it that strikes us at once, as we gently raise a latchless window and creep in, like amateur burglars, into a tiny side-room, that is the only small chamber we have come across, and that bears on its whitewashed walls the inscription "Miss Laura's room," in the crude scribble of the upholsterer's man; for the marble pavement, leading to the wide and beautiful staircase, with its glittering pillars, is a solid fact. As solid as are these generously-designed reception-rooms, with their parqueteried floors and their panelled walls, which are only waiting the touch of the decorator's wand to become, as it were, living things.

We wander up the wide easy stairs, from window to window, from room to room, finally reaching the towers we have so often watched from the road outside, and there we pause for a moment, enchanted with the view that stretches below our eyes, for many and many a mile. It goes past the gay garden, the guardian walls, the sentinel trees, and the wide heath, purple with heather and yellow with furze, to the wide dark-blue horizon, beyond which lies London and the world at large; for there are masses of trees just turning red or yellow under autumn's kisses, and there are faint silver streaks that indicate the river and the slow canal, where brown-sailed barges glide, heavily laden with hay and straw, that gleam golden under the rays of the broad beaming sun.

But oh! the silence of the wide, empty place, where there

is never a chair or table, a picture or a curtain, and where all is clean and bright, as if just ready for life and life's work! We could bear it all better were the orthodox rents and ravages visible, that are never wanting in a deserted house that has once been lived in and then left; we should not feel so eerie were the walks moss-grown, and the garden wild and neglected as by all precedent it should be as a matter of course. But this neatness, this air of ready waiting, are more ghostlike than any tapestried chambers full of rents and dust and grime could ever be; and we step out of our window into the glowing garden once more, shuddering and gazing apprehensively over our shoulders, as if the spirit that pervades the place and keeps away decay and death were close upon our heels, and meant to clutch us in its most uncanny, intangible arms.

But, later on, gazing up again at the undraped and brilliant windows, flashing back the glow of a perfect autumnal sunset with its reds and yellows and its faint, pellucid greens, we learn the story of a disputed possession of the land on which the palace stands; and how, at any moment, the decision may be given in favour of the would-be owner, by whose orders the place is kept ready, so that the instant matters are settled he may step in and conclude the business on hand. But when we heard of the curious and numerous slips there have been between him and such fulfilment, at the very moment, as it seemed, of success; when we listened to how, on this death and that accident, more and more delays occurred, we cannot help feeling that our first impressions were right, and that a ghostly phalanx stands between the house and any would-be inhabitants; that we shall always see the magnificent, vigilant towers rearing their heads over the walls looking out for any possible intruders; and that for evermore spirits will live there in the mysterious house that they have claimed as their own and that they will retain always, whether or not the place remains as it is now—in Chancery.

J. E. P.

On Monday the fifteenth annual show of donkeys and ponies belonging to London costermongers was held at the People's Palace, and proved the most successful on record.

Several large packages containing rare plants and specimens from India have been delivered to the keeper of the ethnographical department of the British Museum, ex the steamship City of Cambridge, from Calcutta.

Winkelmayer, the Austrian giant, who was recently the wonder of London music-halls, died of tuberculosis, on Wednesday week, among his own people, in Upper Austria, in his twentieth year. He was over nine feet high.

As Mrs. Little and her daughter were walking on Southend Pier on Monday, they were overtaken by the tramcar. The mother was crushed to death against the side of the pier, and Miss Little was severely injured.

A return has been made to the City Corporation of the expenses incurred in the celebration of the Jubilee. The total, including £5000 voted to the Imperial Institute, is under £11,000. The cost of the Guildhall reception was £5597.

BIRTH.

On the 29th ult., at Harrow, Queensbury, Yorkshire, the Hon. Mrs. Robert Foster, of a daughter.

MARRIAGE.

On the 24th ult., at All Saints' Church, Upper Norwood, by the Rev. John Watson, M.A., Vicar, J. R. Kirby Johnson, of Bombay, eldest son of the late J. W. Johnson, M.D., to Agnes Isabella, widow of the late W. H. Floyd, formerly of New Zealand.

DEATH.

On the 19th ult., at The Close, Norwich, Almira, wife of the Rev. Canon Heavside, and daughter of the late Julian Skrine, Esq., formerly of Lensfield, Cambridge, aged 78.

*• The charge for the insertion of Births, Marriages, and Deaths is Five Shillings.

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If your hair is turning grey, or white, or falling off, use "The Mexican Hair-Restorer" for it will positively restore in every case Grey or White Hair to its original colour, without leaving the disagreeable smell of most "Restorers." It makes the hair charmingly beautiful, as well as promoting the growth of the hair on bald spots, where the glands are not decayed. "The Mexican Hair-Restorer" is sold by Chemists and Perfumers everywhere, at 3s. 6d. per Bottle.

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WRITING in the "World" of Dec. 22,

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Beautiful view, Alps and Lake. Ascension by Funicular Railway. Terraces and garden lighted by electricity. Pension, nine francs, inclusive.—J. BRESINGER, Proprietor. Funicular trains to the château and forest.

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Railway, the shortest, cheapest, and most frequented way to the celebrated Rigi-Kulm, is via Lucerne and Vitznau, with Junction at Kaltbad for the Rigi-Scheideck.

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Hôtel du Rhodé. Altitude, 7200 ft. The environs offer the most interesting excursions in the Alpine chain. Pension at moderate rates at this and all Mr. Seiler's hotels in Zermatt.

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ADMINISTRATION OF MONTE CARLO, in its endeavour to diversify the brilliant and exceptional Entertainments offered to the Cosmopolitan High Life frequenting the Littoral of the Mediterranean during the Season 1887, has much pleasure in announcing that arrangements with artists of great celebrity will be insured for the coming winter.

GRAND CLASSICAL CONCERTS

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SEA-BATHING AT MONACO is continued during all the Winter Season, on a sandy beach, facing the Grand Hôtel des Bains.

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FOURDING SCHOOL for YOUNG LADIES.

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FRANCE.—Home offered to Children,

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30s., 40s., 45s., the half-dozen.

Illustrated Self-Measure post-free.

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EASTBOURNE REGATTA, MONDAY.

SEPT. 5.—Cheap Excursions to Eastbourne by Special Train from Victoria 8.45 a.m., calling at Clapham Junction, and from London Bridge 8.55 a.m., calling at New-cross and East Croydon. Returning from Eastbourne 8.10 p.m. Fare there and back, Four Shillings.

HASTINGS REGATTA, WEDNESDAY.

SEPT. 7.—Cheap Excursions to St. Leonards and Hastings by Special Train from Victoria 8.45 a.m., calling at Clapham Junction; and from London Bridge 8.55 a.m., calling at New-cross and East Croydon. Returning from Hastings and St. Leonards 7.40 p.m. Fare there and back, Four Shillings.

PARIS.—CHEAP EXCURSIONS.

SATURDAY, SEPT. 10. Special Day and Night Services. Leaving London Bridge 9.35 a.m. and 8 p.m., Victoria 9.30 a.m. and 7.50 p.m., calling at Clapham Junction and East Croydon. Returning from Paris any day up to and including Sept. 23. (See Handbills).

Fares—First Class, 38s.; Second Class, 28s.

FOR full particulars see Handbills, to be

obtained at Victoria, London Bridge,

THE BRITISH MISSION TO MOROCCO.

BY MR. WALTER B. HARRIS—ILLUSTRATED BY MR. R. CATON WOODVILLE, WHO ACCOMPANIED THE MISSION.



A FALCONER.

THE BRITISH MISSION TO MOROCCO.

BY WALTER B. HARRIS.—ILLUSTRATED BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.

PART I.—(Continued).

THE JOURNEY TO MOROCCO.

On leaving camp our escort went through their usual manœuvre of forming into lines, through which we passed. As had been promised us the night before, we began the day with a hunt with falcons and greyhounds. Leaving the road on our right we verged off over corn-fields. The first sight of game that we had were two lesser bustard that we put up.



The falcons, however, were not let fly—why, I do not know—but a stone curlew fell an easy prey a few minutes later. It was a sight worth seeing, the hawk suspended in the air on its quivering wings till, with a swoop like a miniature thunderbolt, it made short work of the poor bird. We next put up a hare, and a couple of greyhounds being slipped, had a most excellent run, killing in a fig-garden. The Moors are essentially sportsmen, and this was not the first coursing I had had in the country, as, when at Wazan, the Shereef gave us an excellent day. The Moorish greyhounds are not nearly as swift as our English breed, or the hare, a poor animal compared with ours, would never stand a chance of escaping; as it is, he often gets away. Again the falcons were let fly, this time at some lesser bustard; but, unluckily, a plover was put up too, which, as being the less swift bird of flight, the hawk preferred and killed. We also got a few partridges.

The love of sport amongst the Moors has its disadvantages as well as its advantages, for no sooner do they see one shoulder a gun, than they appear from every imaginable hole and corner and accompany one, shouting and yelling every time one hits anything, and going nearly frantic at a right and left. The Moors themselves with their clumsy but picturesque flintlocks never think of shooting a bird on the wing, but stalk a partridge with the same care as we do a stag. However, they are, as a rule, most excellent shots, considering the disadvantages they are under as to their guns, as many an old tusked boar has discovered to his disadvantage as he has broken from covert, driven from his lair by the yelping hounds. Another method of sport in which they are skilled is the throwing of a curiously curved stick at game, not unlike the boomerang, though it does not possess the almost miraculous power of returning to the thrower; and with this stick they are able to knock down running rabbits and partridges on the wing, so unerring are their eyes and hands.

During lunch that day we had Lab-el-baroud with the new soldiers, and much better done than any we had seen so far. Sometimes the rows of horsemen seemed as if they were charging straight at our tent, and, as it was, passed within a few feet of the ropes. Again and again they charged, saluted, fired, and stopped short, after making the horses rear till they seemed as though they must fall back with the cruel Moorish bit. Every now and then it was varied by a single man riding by himself and performing wonderful feats on horseback; his coloured kaftan only half-covered by his transparent haik, which flew behind him in the wind; his turban unwound, showing his shaved, shiny head, the wind blowing his temple locks out like horns, enhancing his ferocious appearance; and, when his horse had reached its fastest pace, he would turn gracefully in his saddle and fire directly behind him.

Two hours' ride after lunch brought us into camp—two hours over the wearying, dusty plain. The tents were pitched at Sök-el-Tlatr, a large village, near which is a saint-house of some size, the burial-place of a marabout—not the white-domed building common all over the country, but a square stone house with a green tiled roof.

On the road that afternoon we passed half a dozen lepers. Nothing more miserable than the appearance of these wretched people could be imagined. There in the full glare of the sun they sat on the scorching sand, wrapped up in their ragged jelabas, begging alms. They wore, as all lepers are obliged to do in this country, square straw hats, and had their faces bound up in linen, so that only the eyes were visible. What a life of horror, to be barred from entering any village, or from holding intercourse, almost, with the outer world! So great is the dread of lepers in this country that they have a village set aside for them outside the walls of Morocco city, to which they are strictly confined. These poor beggars that we saw held wooden bowls for one to drop the coin into for fear of contamination.

We were not off the next morning till about ten, as only three hours' march lay before us. The road was as flat and dusty as ever, but we saw the limit of that part of the plain in a range of low hills straight before us. We often saw the

mirage with wonderful clearness in crossing these plains. This day in particular it was very clear. In front of us, and apparently not far off, lay a great blue lake, skirted by trees that threw their shadows on the water below; the lake looked beautifully cool in the burning sun, and the shade of the trees most tempting, but alas! as we approached we found it was all a myth, and lake, trees, and shade faded from view. One day, on the plains near Fez, we saw, not only the lake and the trees, but the sandy shore, women washing their clothes, and a white-domed house amongst the grove; but all this, too, disappeared as we drew nearer, and left nothing behind it but a sandy waste and a few prickly pear-bushes.

We lunched close to where our camp was to be pitched, and rested there three hours, so as to allow our tents to pass on and be all ready for us on our arrival. The site of the camp was prettier than any we had had as yet, just in the opening of a small valley, amongst the hills I mentioned as bordering the plain. Through the valley ran—or rather ought to have run, for it was dry—a small river, on the banks of which grew clumps of stately palms. In spite of the want of water, the valley was beautifully green, and a great relief after the yellow plains we had left behind us.

Two of us started, soon after our arrival in camp, to the top of a neighbouring hill in search of game and to see the view; and though we were disappointed as to the former, the latter amply repaid the steep climb, for we looked down upon the camp with its white tents, amongst which moved hundreds of men and horses, and here and there were the camels being driven out to graze by the half-naked Moors; beyond, the plain stretched away as far as the eye could reach, dotted here and there by clumps of trees, or the tomb of some sanctified Moor. Altogether, the sport had been disappointing on the road, especially as some of us had got such excellent sport in other parts of the country earlier in the year, only a few quail, sand-grouse, partridges, and lesser bustard having been bagged all the route. We were off about half-past nine the next morning, and continued our journey through the valley. We passed several saint-houses and some tabbia ruins of great size; but what they were I was unable to discover—probably the remains of some Moorish castle. About noon we passed into the Dukala district, and were met by a new escort, saying good-bye to our handsome old Kaid and his showy men. The new escort was not nearly so gorgeous; but with our permanent troop of a hundred did not make at all a bad show. The reason of this falling off in appearance and numbers was that we had now entered a district less fertile and far less rich than that we had left—in fact, after this, all the way to Morocco we saw very little cultivation; and yet another reason: not many years back, during a rebellion in this part of the country, the Sultan had marched through this district and destroyed the villages. The march of this potentate against any tribes is spoken of by the Moors as "the eating up," and a better expression could not be found, for the country had never recovered.

Three hours' ride in the morning, a rest for lunch, after which another hour's ride, and we were in camp again. On the road we passed a number of tholba or scholars, who were begging by the road-side—a sure sign that education is not far advanced in this benighted country. What an excellent idea for undergraduates, after a bad week at Newmarket, to replenish their empty pockets by standing in the streets and begging in cap and gown! Another sign of the want of even the most elementary education was the fact that they had evidently never heard of that most excellent proverb, "Cleanliness is next to godliness;" for a dirtier dozen men I never set eyes on. What little attempt at education does exist is merely the drumming of half a dozen verses of the Koran into little boys by means of a long stick, and it is an amusing sight to stand at the doors of the schools and watch the old thaleb seated cross-legged, while a score of small urchins in their shrill young voices shout after him verse after verse from the Koran, the slightest mistake bringing down upon their unlucky heads, or whatever portion of their body is best within reach, a quick, smart blow from his long stick. The Moors possess no idea of geography beyond this, that Morocco is the largest, richest, best, and most fertile country in the world, and that all the others are not "in it" at all; but they are not the only people who think this of their fatherland. Nor does there seem to be any likelihood of an increase of education, and it is better so. A Moor will say, "My grandfather and father knew no more, and they were good men, why should I bother my head with learning?" When the day comes that there are Board schools in the country, the artistic life will die out, and the perfect dress of the Moor will be changed for collars, broadcloth, and top-hats. Already the Jews in the coast town are wearing European costume; but one can believe anything of a Morocco Jew. At present, no country can rival Morocco for picturesqueness; but in a few years, it may be, trains will be tearing their hideous courses through the green, smiling valleys, and the gentle pipe of the shepherd-boy will be lost in the shriek of the railway-whistle. "This way for Fez, Morocco, and the Atlas!" will cry the guard, while the paterfamilias is blocking up the ticket-office with his numerous offspring, busily engaged in taking a weekly return ticket to Timbuctoo, "at reduced fares." Alas, alas!

Our camp that night was again in a valley, close to the remains of an old Moorish castle, surrounded by orange and olive groves. We spent the latter part of the afternoon in turning over stores, hunting for specimens. Our bag consisted of three snakes (alive in a bottle in my tent), seven scorpions of both the black and yellow varieties, and a great number of lizards and slow-worms. The latter I have put in with my large lizards, and even now I fancy I hear their great jaws scrunching—is there such a word?—the poor little reptiles. Whether the snakes are venomous or not I do not know, for everyone has refused my kind offer to try by letting them bite his fingers—what a selfish world it is! As a long ride lay before us, we were up next day with the sun, and, after a cold breakfast, set out. The weather was delicious in the early morning; but, even then, would have been too hot had it not been for a cool breeze blowing from the snows of the Atlas Mountains. About an hour after leaving camp we obtained our first glimpse of the snow peaks rearing their heads far above the clouds that hovered round them. Like a great wall they stand, and seem in their foreboding silence to block all further way; as, in reality, they do, for beyond them lies the valley of the Sus, almost untrodden as yet by Christian feet, and beyond the Sus again, the great Desert of the Sahara, over which lies the route to Timbuctoo and the Sudan.

We turned aside from the road during the morning to hunt gazelle, which are said to be common in that part. However, luck was against us; and though two of the party saw a herd of ten or twelve, the rest of us did not get even a sight, and those that were seen made off, after a long and tedious stalk, before a shot could be fired. The great bustard, not uncommon in parts of Morocco, were also seen; but, timid as usual, kept well out of range. The plain was as wearying and uninteresting as ever; so it was a great relief, three hours and a half in the saddle, to reach the luncheon-tent. Close to the village where it was pitched there was a curious

fountain or water-tank, a long, covered place, some thirty yards in length, and two in breadth, the ends left open, and descended by steps. This, we were told by Abu Leker, was a very old and celebrated fountain, as the water-supply is always good there, even in summer. After nearly three hours' rest, we rode into camp—a ride of about two hours' duration. The heat was intense, and much greater than any we had hitherto felt. It was curious to watch the small whirlwinds—or "devils," as they are proverbially called—lift the sand from the desert in circles, and send it twisting and turning over the plain, like a great pillar. One day, one of these whirlwinds caught my tent, and took out every peg that held the walls down. Luckily, however, the guy-ropes held, as I was in the somewhat awkward position of bathing. Half an hour before our arrival in camp, we were



met by Mr. Ferguson and Mr. Carleton, who had preceded us to Morocco—the former on business—and had already been some five weeks in the city awaiting the Mission. They had ridden out that morning from town, so that we began to feel that the end of our journey could not be so far away.

Our camp, which was pitched at the foot of a range of mountains lying not far north of Morocco, looked very well as we rode in, the tents of Ferguson and Carleton and their men adding to the effect; and it looked better still a few minutes later, when we had changed our soiled and dust-stained clothes for clean flannels and sat down to tea.

Here, as usual, the natives flocked in to see the doctor, for surgery is at a very low ebb in Morocco, amputation being a matter of a knife, a saw, and a tub of boiling pitch. One man's complaint is worth mentioning. "What is the matter with you?" asked the doctor. "I cannot eat as much as I should like to," replied the patient, with a sigh. Poor man! he could not stow away as much kooskoosoo as his companions, and came to the doctor for advice. Almost the only apology for doctors in Morocco are certain of the Jews, for the most part old hags, whose medicines are made of all the filth they can collect; and the saints, whose curing is "miraculous," but hardly successful. Charms are much resorted to, to avert illness and harm. By far the most common of these is the distended hand, a sure preventive from the effects of the evil eye. There is scarcely a house in the town that has not the hand painted on its doorposts or walls, so great is their superstition; while the same emblem in silver or gold is worn round the neck. Salt, too, is a great preservative from the djins and evil spirits, and is often to be seen hanging in a small bag round the horses' and animals' necks.

On Sunday, April 17, we left our camp at eight o'clock, en route for El Kantara, the bridge that crosses the Tensift, the river of Morocco. Within an hour's ride of the city our road lay through a lonely mountain pass, on reaching the summit of which we got our first real view of the Atlas Mountains, for the day before we had only seen the peaks. At our feet, as we stood on the summit of the pass, lay the great plain of Morocco, beyond it the mountains. In the centre of this plain, half hidden in groves—ay, forests—of palms, lay the city, only the great minaret of the Koutubia and one or two other mosques visible, just peeping above the feathery palms. Nothing could have been more lovely than the view in the bright April sunlight, the contrast of the green plain to the dark palms, and the dark palms to the white snow beyond. None of us were disappointed, no one could be; it was as if some god had taken the Alps and set them down in the centre of a tropical plain. And yet there is this difference between the Atlas and the Alps, that the former are very little peaked, but run in a continuous line like a great wall; and still another difference, that as yet the great Atlas are not overrun with tourists, and there are no railways to take one up to palaces of luxury like the Rigi Kulm. We felt the heat a good deal before we reached the luncheon-tent at eleven o'clock. Soon after we had sat down, Kaid Maclean and his brother, Captain Alan Maclean, joined us, having ridden out from the city for that purpose. Kaid Maclean is Instructor-General to his Majesty the Sultan's forces, and has lived some twelve years in the country. We admired their uniform very much, the mixture of Orientalism and civilisation being admirably arranged. The Kaid was in white and gold, and his brother in soft grey, both wearing the tarboosh and turban. Their jackets were cut à la Zouave, and the trousers left loose to the knee, where they were gathered into top boots. Their horses also were very gorgeous, the Kaid's trapped in purple and gold, and his brother's in green. They lunched with us, and proceeded in the afternoon with us to our camp, the last before entering the city.

An hour's ride took us to the beginning of the palm groves, for which Morocco is so celebrated, and a few minutes more to our camp, pitched on the banks of the Tensift, amongst the palm-trees. The bridge El Kantara is really a fine one for Morocco, but sadly out of repair; but bridges are nearly unknown in the country, fording being almost the sole means of crossing the rivers, and this is often impossible in winter.

That night we had a glorious sunset, such as one seldom sees; the sky a blaze of crimson and gold behind a foreground of palms, while the snow far away on the mountain tops shone like opals; nor was it less lovely when the sun had set, and the crimson changed to mauve and the gold to a pale lemon tint; and most lovely of all it was when the sky became a rich turquoise blue, as the night began to throw her veil over the slumbering world and soften the outlines of the palm-trees to a delicate indistinctness.

(To be continued.)

A QUIET DAY AT HADDINGTON.

The railway, with a becoming respect that is very unusual for a railway, has kept at a commendable distance from Haddington. When we arrived at the station, a messenger was there, who said the Doctor would meet us at the town, and be our guide. The Doctor—an old man, with a pleasant face, a pleasant lisp, and a clerical collar—was at once recognised to be a guide in keeping with the ecclesiastical associations of the quaint old place. Looking around, one seemed to get a glance at things as they existed two or three centuries ago. Quiet, sleepy streets, paved with boulders; few people: neither shops, business, nor telegraph-wires obtrusive: the revolution that is going on elsewhere has left Haddington almost untouched. But why complain, as if John Knox had not stirred the world enough in his day to give his birthplace a rest for ever? It is the pride of the Haddingtonians that his descendants are still among them; and, at the suggestion of Carlyle, they have planted an oak to his memory on the site of the house in which he was born. The Doctor, however, believes that the actual birthplace of the Reformer is a house within a few yards of the memorial-tree, that is yet occupied, and has been from time immemorial, as the dwelling attached to what are known as "Knox's lands." Carlyle being responsible for the other site, it is now not unlikely to become the popular one. Although the mild-mannered Doctor graciously left the matter to our own choice, a point of such literary and historical interest is worth asserting an opinion about, even at the risk of offending individual tastes. But associations of literary and historical interest are so abundant at Haddington that possibly the Doctor felt there was no use fighting over obscure details. Across the street once stood a Royal palace, in which a King was born. Not far away, the house of the Master of Bothwell still remains, tenanted, though looking infirm, like the old people who, through the generosity of its present owner, live there rent-free. The old bodies showed us the places of concealment in the walls, and the dungeons, with evident satisfaction to themselves; and if our antiquarian gains might be measured by the dust and cobwebs which we carried away, we should have been highly gratified with the result.

Among other ancient buildings there is the "House of the Sister Superior," a church in ruins, and the fine, well-preserved, though roofless abbey. Here our merry party, familiar with the most touching story of modern times, gathered round a certain grave within the abbey, each to read its well-known inscription in sadness and silence. There is no ostentation—a plain stone, laid flat on the earth, inlaid with a small marble slab; but on that slab are the words which Carlyle inscribed over his wife. This is the spot which the old man visited every year while he survived her. Poor man, and poor woman! Yet, for all the blame which has been laid to his charge, perhaps he is more to be pitied than Mrs. Carlyle. Does it not seem that, though they were united in life, he came, when too late, to feel they had dwelt divided, and so elected, as self-punishment, to be divided when they should be united in death? Otherwise, Carlyle would scarcely let the stone credit his wife with having nurtured all that was worthy of him, and then wish to be laid as far apart from her as Dumfries. But on the whole, perhaps, it is a pity that he was ever introduced to Haddington, and his future wife, by his friend Edward Irving, whose school, remaining much as it was at that time, has a melancholy interest. This visit, we are aware, led to matrimony; and matrimony to a kind of martyrdom, slower, it is true, than that of Wishart, who, after preaching from a window near Mrs. Carlyle's grave, was carried to St. Andrews and burnt; but still very trying to a sensitive, clever woman.

On coming outside, our party began to look for antidotes to the depressing feelings engendered by the associations of the abbey. Tombstone literature can sometimes raise a laugh better than a comic paper. This, a specimen of what we alighted upon, is not bad in its way:—

There lies within this tomb confin'd
Virtue and probity combin'd—
An honest cook! Who many a year
To her employers found good cheer.

We experienced a difficulty in determining which was in worst taste—the lines quoted, a black heart over an infant child, or the plan that a fashionable London physician has taken to advertise himself in his native town by utilising the family tombstone during his lifetime to bear his seemingly new armorial shield and a full list of honours.

Born near Haddington, the author of "Douglas" has a bust to his memory in its principal street, the gift of Sir Bulwer Lytton and a few other admirers. The reputation of "Douglas," it may be safely assumed, has not travelled further than the character in, and too frequently out of, the piece, who introduces himself with, "My name is Norval!" This quotation with farcical aim is one of the most universally used in the English language: will anybody say why?

John Brown, of the self-interpreting Bible, is not only a Haddington worthy but a worthy of the world. The family of which he is the most brilliant ornament has been connected with Haddington for a very long time. There is a direct succession of seven or eight John Browns coming down to the present day, the next last being the author of "Rab and His Friends." The house in which the eminent divine had lived, a small insignificant cottage, was pointed out to us by our able guide, the amiable Doctor, who told a good story concerning its solitary up-stairs' window. A son of the manse or somebody, anyway a young scamp, was locked up-stairs with his books for a misdemeanour. It was market day, the day of pranks; so, finding his way out by the window, he hurried to the market-place, tied a row of stalls together with a rope, and tied the rope to a coach. He didn't wait for the fun, which came off in due course. But soon an angry crowd presented themselves at his father's door, led thither by suspicion. The father assured them they were mistaken, and to be convinced, they were led up-stairs. The promising youth was found so deep in his studies that he seemed to remain unconscious of the spectators, who quickly withdrew, apologising. The same young gentleman being suspected of taking pears that were missed from a tree in the garden, his shoes were measured with some marks which led up to it, and, much to his father's surprise, there was no agreement. "Try your ain, father," then said the acquitted culprit—who borrowed shoes for such purposes—and when this was done, the father, according to circumstantial evidence, stood convicted.

One of the latest illustrious sons of Haddington is Dr. Samuel Smiles. Having tried the practice of medicine in his native town, he found it such a poor form of self-help that, being constrained to enter upon a different career, he has now achieved as great a success as some of those he writes books about.

Before parting, our leading light, the Doctor, jestingly expressed his surprise that we, "The Edinburgh Naturalists' Field Club," should come to Haddington to look at old stones; but he was reminded that, though we added, "And Microscopical Society" to our title, even our highest powers failed to reveal anything in the villa except unalloyed gratification.

J. S.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

W S (Willesden).—Too simple, even if properly constructed. How could the Q B get in K square when the Q P and K B P have not been moved?

R L (Letchford).—The correspondence games referred to are unfinished. The moves have been reported from time to time in the Chess Monthly.

F H (Munch).—Thanks for the problems.

REV. W C (Sussex).—Thanks; the game shall have early attention.

D G (Haverhill).—We believe the project for a new chess magazine has been abandoned.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2261 received from General Borden (Washington, U.S.A.); of No. 2261 from John G. Groves; of No. 2262 from John Dudley.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2263 received from E. Casella (Paris), W S (Willesden), R. London, A. C. Hunt, E. E. H. T. G. (Ware), I. Wyman, Columbus, R. Tweedell, G. Oswald, N. S. Harris, Thomas Chown, Jupiter Junior, North-Rice, G. W. Law, G. G. P. (Ware), W. Hiltner, S. Batten, Major Friedrich, Ben. Neale, L. Sharswood, Ernest Sharswood, W. R. Kallien, C. Barnack, R. Worries, R. L. Southwell, E. Featherstone, Shadforth, J. De Sarts (Liege), Otto Fuider, E. Elsbury, H. Wandell, H. Reeve, T. Roberts, B. R. Wood, J. Bryden, Nerina, Commander W. L. Martin (R.N.), L. Falcon (Antwerp), L. Desauges, Hereward, Robert G. Briscoe, R. F. N. Banks, and Bernard Reynolds.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2262.

WHITE.

1. B to R 5th

2. Q to Q 6th

3. Mates accordingly.

BLACK.

R takes B

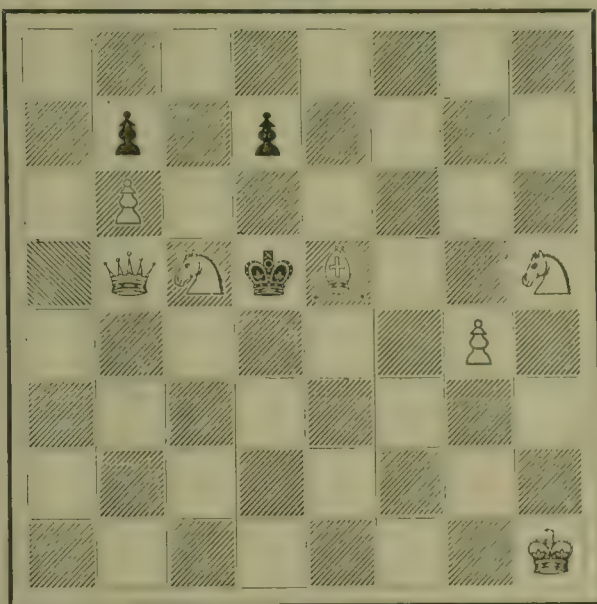
Any move

Note.—If Black play, 1. P takes Kt, White continues with 2. Q takes P (ch). Most of the other variations on Black's play are met by the continuation 2. Q to 3rd (ch) and 3. Kt to B 3rd (dis. ch, mate); but these the student can easily work out for himself.

PROBLEM No. 2265.

By RICHARD ADAM (Leipsic).

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

GAME BETWEEN MESSRS. LOCOCK AND BLAKE.

Played at the Stamford meeting of the Counties Chess Association.

The notes are by Mr. Blake.

(Ruy Lopez.)

- | | | | |
|------------------|----------------|------------------|----------------|
| WHITE (Mr. L.) | BLACK (Mr. B.) | WHITE (Mr. L.) | BLACK (Mr. B.) |
| 1. P to K 4th | P to K 4th | 23. Kt to K 2nd | R to R 3rd |
| 2. Kt to K B 3rd | Kt to Q B 3rd | 24. R to B 3rd | B to B 3rd |
| 3. B to Kt 5th | P to Q R 3rd | 25. Q to Kt 3rd | Q to B 3rd |
| 4. B to R 4th | Kt to B 3rd | 26. R to K 2nd | R to R 3rd |
| 5. P to Q 4th | P takes P | 27. P to B 3rd | B to B 3rd |
| 6. P to K 5th | Kt to K 5th | 28. Q to Kt 3rd | Q to B 3rd |
| 7. Castles | Kt to B 4th | 29. Kt to B 4th | R to K 4th |
| | | 30. R to Q 4th | R to Kt 4th |
| | | 31. Q to B 2nd | P to B 4th |
| | | 32. Kt takes P | Q to K 4th |
| | | 33. P to K B 4th | |

To develop the Q B, and threatening B to Kt 5th with effect.

18. P to B 3rd B to B 4th
19. R to Q 3rd Kt to B 2nd
20. K to R sq Q to K 3rd
21. Q to B 2nd Kt to Q 3rd

The apparent gain of a Pawn here by 21. B takes B P; 22. R takes B, R takes B; is not good, for White could now continue with 23. Kt to K 4th, Q to R 3rd; 24. Kt to B 5th, &c.

22. B to B 5th R to B 3rd
23. B takes Kt

As this undoubles Black's Pawns, leaving him with a superiority on the Queen's

The arrangements for a match between Messrs. Blackburne and Gunsberg are now completed, and it will be commenced at Bradford on the 26th inst. The conditions are as follows: the winner of five games to be the victor and to receive £15, the loser to take £10. The play to be continued from day to day, except the Fridays, Saturdays, and Sundays in each week, between the hours of 1.30 and 6 until 10 o'clock. Time limit, eighteen moves an hour. This is the first match between these masters on exactly even terms, and the result is looked forward to with great interest in English chess circles.

The evening winter tournament at the City Chess Club promises to be as great a success as any of its predecessors. In addition to the club prizes, special prizes will be given by Mr. Mocatta and Mr. Frankenstein. Over a hundred competitors have already entered the lists.

It was arranged that the great Inter-Colonial Chess-Match should commence on Aug. 17 last. Several of the competitors are well-known amateurs from London and the English county clubs. Among these are Mr. Gossip; Mr. F. J. Young, formerly one of the third class in the City Chess Club; Mr. T. H. Piper, of the Greenwich Club. The leading players in the congress, says the *Sydney Mail*, are likely to be Messrs. Esling, Tittleige, and Winton (Victoria); Helmann and Gossip (New South Wales); Chontek (South Australia); and Hookham (New Zealand).

The church of Hackness, in Yorkshire, has received an addition to its stained glass, of a window from the studio of Mr. Taylor, of Berners-street. It is the gift of the Rector and the parishioners, as a memorial of the Jubilee year of her Majesty's reign.

A series of archery contests in the northern counties was brought to a close yesterday week, when the championship of the north fell for the fifth time to Mrs. D. Ainsworth, of the North Lonsdale Archers; and for the first time to Mr. E. Sharpe, of the John-o'-Gaunt's Bowmen.

A meeting of the Landlords' and Incumbrancers' Association was held yesterday week in the Leinster Hall, Dublin, the Duke of Abercorn presiding. The object of the meeting was to authorise a representative deputation to wait on Ministers and others, towards the close of October, for the purpose of urging the claims of the landlords to consideration, and suggesting such measures of relief as might appear practicable in the coming Purchase Bill.

STANFORD'S "LONDON ATLAS."

One of the finest and completest works of cartography yet produced, and far surpassing any other published in Great Britain, is "Stanford's London Atlas of Universal Geography," contained in a noble volume of imperial folio size, which Mr. Edward Stanford, of 55, Charing-cross, has recently issued. It is dedicated, by permission, to her Majesty the Queen, in whose Jubilee year, and in remembrance of the Colonial and Indian Exhibition of last year, her subjects are disposed to reflect on the vast geographical extent and the varied position of her dominions all over the globe, and should feel the necessity of an accurate knowledge, especially of Asiatic, North American, and Australasian geography, and of the oceans, the remote shores, and the numberless islands constantly visited by our maritime commerce. Looks without the aid of maps can give no true or useful knowledge of this kind. The maps of some of those regions, collected in former general atlases, which had their merits in other respects, and which indicate the changes of the past quarter of a century in the political geography of Europe, are necessarily defective both with regard to the actual state of the most important British colonies, their subdivisions, their new towns, and their railways, and in tracing the progress of explorations. As an instance of the latter, take that of Central Africa, in the region of the Congo, around the great inland lakes, and about the tributaries of the Nile. Any of the older atlases, which in their time deserved public favour, will now prove not merely useless, but utterly deceptive, when consulted for help in comprehending events—such as Mr. Stanley's expedition to relieve Emin Pasha—which every newspaper reader would desire to understand. The cost of preparing entirely new general maps, from the special information contributed by those showing the routes of the latest travellers, is almost prohibitory in the compilation of a cheap atlas for popular acceptance. This grand work of Mr. Stanford's, the crowning achievement of a publisher to whose judicious enterprise we are more indebted for assistance in geography and topography than to any other, is therefore not a cheap atlas. The price is £12, but it is well worth the money, compared with a £2 or £5 atlas; for it contains the essence, in map form, of hundreds of other works, of special surveys, route-maps given in many books of travels, records of positions in the authors' journals, or in portfolios for occasional reference on particular subjects. Taking, for example, the map of Africa, we have not only every station up the Congo precisely located and named, with all places mentioned in any accounts of the Congo Free State, and of the neighbouring French and Portuguese territories; but here is Aruwimi, where Mr. Stanley was last heard of, and the "probable route" of his present expedition to the eastward, to Emin Pasha's camp at Wadelai, at the north end of Lake Albert Nyanza, is expressly marked. With the aid of this map alone, the reader of any summary account of the performances of the great African explorers—Livingstone, Stanley, Cameron, or Thomson—can see where they went and what was the result of their discoveries. It would otherwise be needful to possess the volumes of their original narratives furnished with their own route-maps, which were unrevised and uncorrected by the subsequent observations of studies now available. We may, therefore, say that, for the purpose of directly obtaining a sound knowledge of modern geography, the purchase of such an atlas as Mr. Stanford's, instead of many books, is a positive saving of expense, and it is a great saving of time.

The British Islands, constituting that which is still politically destined, we hope and trust, to remain the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, should have our first consideration. This home of the nation to which we belong, and which forms, collectively, a single nation, is delineated, respectively, under its physical, orographic, hydrographic, geological, meteorological, parliamentary, railway, and statistical and social aspects, in seven sheets filled with minute special details, besides separate maps of England and Wales, Scotland, and Ireland, showing the municipal boroughs and the existing areas of local government in the counties. The physical features of the country, its plains, hills, and mountains, its geological strata, its watersheds and basins of river drainage, with the limits of inland navigation, the monthly temperature and rainfall of every district, are most accurately represented. The new electoral divisions are indicated, with their relation to the old county divisions before the Redistribution Act. The statistical charts, edited by Mr. E. G. Ravenstein and Dr. Longstaff, show the distribution of population, agricultural and grass produce, religious denominations, languages, death-rate and prevalent diseases; also the local government and municipal boundaries. The railway map bears an indication, by the thickness or thinness of the lines, of their comparative amount of traffic, estimated from the number of trains daily running over them.

Colonial geography is well provided for; and it is a shame that many persons of the "educated classes" in England should be so ignorant of this matter, as not to know, when they hear of any Australian town—except Sydney, Melbourne, and Adelaide—whether it is in New South Wales or Victoria; or, of any place in New Zealand, whether it is in the North or the South Island. Nine good maps are devoted to our Australasian colonies; and, in those of New South Wales, Victoria, Tasmania, and New Zealand, all the counties are given in different colours, while the pastoral districts, the new townships, the most recent settlements, the roads and railways, with every station, are distinctly represented. The Canadian Dominion, with Newfoundland, has five maps, and there are five allotted to the West Indies. Four maps are devoted to India and its dependencies, Burmah and Ceylon. The map of the Pacific Ocean islands, with the depths of the ocean where sounded, is one of much interest. We may also notice the maps of Cyprus, Palestine (from the recent surveys), the Balkan, the Sea of Marmora, and Central Asia, as likely to be consulted with advantage, in the possible course of Eastern affairs. The new Russo-Afghan frontier, for instance, is rightly delineated here, and the new Russian railway to the banks of the Oxus. But this beautiful and comprehensive atlas, the best adapted to English use that we have seen, is of permanent value as a source of instruction. It should be in every good library, and, though perhaps too costly for some private persons who would like it, may well be procured for all colleges, clubs, and literary institutions.

A handsome stained-glass window has been erected in Addington church, West Malling, by the parishioners, in commemoration of her Majesty's Jubilee. The work was designed and executed by Warrington and Co., of Fitzroy-square.

Subjoined is a list of the candidates for her Majesty's Indian Medical Service who were successful at the competitive examination recently held at Burlington House—A. E. Roberts, R. C. Macgill, A. H. Nott, J. C. Lamont, W. H. E. Woodwright, A. Coleman, W. W. White, F. P. Maynard, D. T. Lane, D. M. Davidson, J. M. Macnamara, M.D., P. C. H. Strickland, W. J. Buchanan, J. K. Close, M.D., F. J. Dewes, H. M. Brabazon, T. H. Griffith, W. H. M. Ingham, J. O. Pinto, J. Holt, J. L. T. Jones, W. E. Jennings, and T. W. Stewart.

THE BRITISH MISSION TO MOROCCO.



OUR RECEPTION BY AN ESCORT OF THE DUKALA TRIBE.



ON THE MARCH: A MIRAGE.

BRUNNEN.

Of all the delightful places at which to stay on the lovely Lake of Lucerne, or, as the Swiss themselves always call it, the Lake of the Four Cantons, Brunnen is undoubtedly one of the most charming as well as the most convenient. It is placed just at the bend of the lake, where the southern arm, or Lake of Uri, begins, and commands a full view of this as well as of the main reach, towards Lucerne. Its situation is a very sheltered one, protected as it is on the north side by the two magnificent granite peaks, called the Mythen, which tower majestically behind the village; though the atmosphere is never oppressive, owing to the fresh breeze which almost always blows from one arm or the other of the lake. In summer, steam-boats ply pretty frequently up and down between Lucerne and Fluelen, at the two extreme ends of the lake, all of which touch at Brunnen, both going and coming. Besides this, it is a station on the St. Gothard Railway, so that one is thus easily able to make any number of excursions in the neighbourhood. It is immediately after passing Brunnen that the St. Gothard line begins its more complicated course; having thus far run along an ordinary way, it is here that the series of tunnels which culminates in the great St. Gothard Tunnel between Göschenen and Airole commences. The railway is here almost on a level with the waters of the lake, at first running below the great Axenstrasse till it reaches the picturesque village of Sisikon, four or five miles further on, where, for a short distance, the two run parallel, after which the railroad gradually leaves the vicinity of the lake, and ascends higher into the mountains.

The Axenstrasse itself is another grand triumph of engineering skill, being one of the finest roads ever cut along the face of a rock, in some places actually hewn through it, more notably at the Grand Gallery Tunnel between Tell's Platte and Fluelen, which is nearly 500 feet above the lake, and about the same number of feet in length. Two or three openings like huge windows are cut in the side of this tunnel towards the lake—necessary, indeed, for light and for ventilation—from which the loveliest views of lake and mountain are had: in fact, turn which ever way one will at Brunnen the scenery is most exquisite.

Not the least beautiful view was that from the windows of our rooms at the Waldstätter Hof, which is, by-the-way, one of the most comfortable, and at the same time the most reasonable of all the hotels at which I have ever stayed. Directly opposite are the green slopes of the Sonnenberg and the Seelisberg, dotted here and there with a few houses (there is a good large Kur, or health-resort, on the former, at a height of something like 2700 feet above the lake), behind them towers the lofty Uri Rothstock with its eternal glaciers; on the opposite bank of the lake rise the wooded heights of Axenstein and Axenfels, the Stoos, 4250 feet high behind these, while the stern-looking, barren Frohn Alp rises to nearly 7000 feet above them all; the southern end of the valley is closed in by the Bristenstock behind Fluelen.

It is a very tough pull to the top of the Frohn Alp, and it is almost necessary to stay the night at the tiny inn there; but the view is magnificent, reaching the entire length of the Lake of the Four Cantons, from Lucerne to Fluelen, surrounded by mountains, including the Rigi and Pilatus. The view from the Axenfels, which is no more than a good morning's walk, is, however, equally beautiful, if less extensive, and one can go the greater part of the way through shady woods, full of the loveliest wild flowers. We found quantities of hepaticas and cyclamens growing there,

and took the trouble to dig up some roots to take home—a feat I do not advise anyone to imitate, as the Custom-House authorities on the German frontier have strict orders not to allow any flowers or roots to be carried into Germany from Switzerland for fear that the phylloxera should be carried with them.

Of walks around Brunnen there are plenty. A most delightful one took us through meadows where men were cutting the third crop of—hay, I was going to say, but perhaps I ought to substitute the word fodder—it seemed such an extraordinary mixture of plants; and I fancy an ordinary English farmer would have regarded it with great contempt, and would probably have designated it "stuff." Whatever its component parts may be, the animals appear to like it and to thrive on it. It could have been no easy task to mow these meadows, for the grass, of a kind I never saw before, and which certainly does not grow in England, grew to an immense height, many of the flower-stems being quite ten feet high, the stalks as thick as a good-sized rush, and crowned with a plume of feathery blossoms of a soft, greyish-brown colour. This grass evidently delights in a very moist spot, for we afterwards saw a great deal of it growing close to, or quite in, the Muotta, a clear little mountain stream that flows into the lake at Brunnen. I succeeded in gathering some very fine heads of it and bringing them home. They form quite a handsome feature in the ornamentation of our drawing-room.

A little further on we crossed a covered wooden bridge (many of these are extremely quaint looking, but this one was quite new, and evidently built for use only), and on by grassy paths along the side of the hill till we came to the hamlet of Wylen, with its picturesque little chapel amidst a perfect orchard of fruit-trees. Some old peasants were taking a rest on one of the benches ranged outside the chapel, so we joined them, less because we wanted rest than for the sake of enjoying the peaceful scene around us. We tried to enter into conversation with the old men; but, though they perfectly understood all we said, and were very friendly and quite ready to answer the questions we put to them, their replies were made in a patois that was almost unintelligible to us, so we gave it up as a bad job. While we sat there, some little children ran out from one of the old brown wooden houses and offered us some flowers which they had gathered. Some of the houses in Wylen had roughly-painted frescoes—mostly representations of the Holy Family or of the Virgin Mary—on the front; all of them had balconies filled with bright-coloured flowers (we especially noticed lovely carnations in many of them) and most of them had vines laden with grapes climbing over them.

Our path now led us on through narrow lanes, with low stone walls on either side, and shaded by huge walnut and pear trees, now bowed low with their weight of fruit. The walls themselves were completely overgrown with ferns and wild-flowers, almost reminding one of Wales. The hedges which succeeded them were a mass of berry-bearing trees and shrubs, such as the dog-wood, the maple, and the service-tree, besides some others that were new to me. The day was perfect; the sky a deep, deep blue. On our left rose the stupendous peaks of the two Mythen; in front, and on a slight eminence, lay the little town of Schwyz, with the convent of Ingenbohl, the abode of a sisterhood of "charitable sisters," a little to the right of it; while on our right the peaceful waters of the lake sparkled and glittered in the sunlight, the snow-clad heights around it standing out in bold relief against the clear sky.

Of course, now-a-days nobody believes a word about William

Tell. Yet as soon as one reaches Brunnen one begins to fancy that such a hero must actually have existed, and that the story of his deeds is not all romance. Be this as it may, the first thing one sees on landing is the rough fresco on the Susthaus, or goods dépôt, representing the oath-taking of the three Swiss, Werner Stauffacher, Walthur Furst, and Arnold von Melchthal; while on the opposite side of the lake lies Rütli or Grütli, the meadow on which thirty-three confederates met one dark night in the winter of 1307, to lay the foundation of Swiss liberty. Tell's Platte, about five miles further, on the eastern bank of the lake, is said to be the point of land on to which the hero sprang from the boat in which he was being conveyed, bound by the tyrant Gessler, to his fortress at Küssnacht. A little chapel was erected on the spot some years after the event was said to have taken place, in which a mass is still occasionally said, and which is always attended by crowds of people from the three cantons of Schwyz, Uri, and Unterwalden.

Brunnen is a very good point from which to visit the Rigi, going by the pretty little Lowertzer See to Goldau, and thence by Rigi Kulm over the mountain down to Vitznau on the other side, and thence returning by steam-boat. This may be easily done in a day, and without much fatigue. Another day's excursion is to Andermatt, and over the Devil's Bridge to Göschenen and back. Besides these, there are plenty of other trips, too numerous to be mentioned here.

Artists, of course, abound in so picturesque a region, many of them itinerant; while others have permanent studios in the place, which are freely opened to the visitor who cares to see them, and offer a sore temptation to one to bring home a reminiscence of some favourite spot. We did so, and our eyes now often rest with delight on the sunlit slopes of the Axenstein or the glaciers of the Uri Rothstock.

We found our visit all too short for all there was to see, and to those who enjoy a quiet stay amid some of the most exquisite beauties of Nature we would say, "Go to Brunnen."

L. T. M.

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The following are the names, in the order of merit, of the gentlemen selected in 1885, who are declared by the Civil Service Commissioners to have shown a competent knowledge of the subjects of the Final Examination:—

Tyabjee, Mohsin B.	Michael, Walter Henry	Elphinstone, Graham W.
Greeven, Richard	Vincent, William H. H.	Vaughan, Ernest L.
Jackson, Arthur M. T.	Penney, Johnston	Buckley, Llewellyn E.
George, James M. T.	Hopkins, Henry M. R.	Cloveland, Charles Hatt
Hallifax, Charles Joseph	Levinge, Edward Vere	Garrett, James H. E.
Nathan, Robert	Warburton, Harris G.	Brown, Charles Dallas
Levy, Frank	Pert, Frederick James	Cumming, John Arthur
Stevenson-Moore, C. J.	Maddox, Stuart L.	Bosanquet, Oswald V.
Chapman, Robert A. B.	Sabonadiere, Alfred	Hudson, Charles W. M.
Gee, Herbert Walter	Lewis, Cecil Champain	Newbould, Babington B.
Tudball, William	Streathfield, Henry C.	Herron, Herbert G. W.
Sladen, Joseph	Hill, Claude H. A.	Forbes, Arthur Trevor
Sykes, Robert	Edmonstone - Mont-	Henniker, Frederick C.
Allen, Percy Underhill	gomeric, Charles W.	
Bridges, Albert	Sly, Frank George	

The following gentleman, who was elected in 1884, has also passed this examination:—John Kaye Batten, 1475 marks.

Prizes were awarded as follows:—Mr. Greeven, Law (£60), History and Geography of India (£25), Hindustani—first vernacular (£40); Mr. Halifax, Hindi (£15); Mr. Jackson, Sanskrit (£40); Mr. Levy, Telugu (£15); Mr. Lewis, Burmese (£40); Mr. Stevenson-Moore, Bengali (£40); Mr. Nathan, Political Economy (£25); Mr. Sykes, Natural Science (£25); Mr. Tyabjee, Persian (£25), Marathi (£40), Hindustani—second vernacular (£15), Gujarati (£15).

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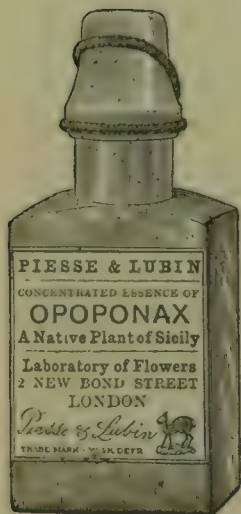
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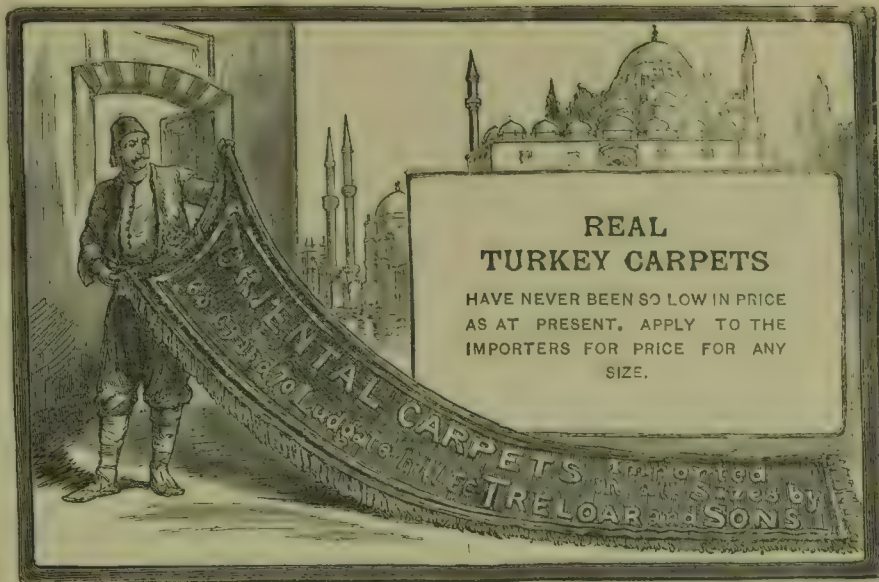
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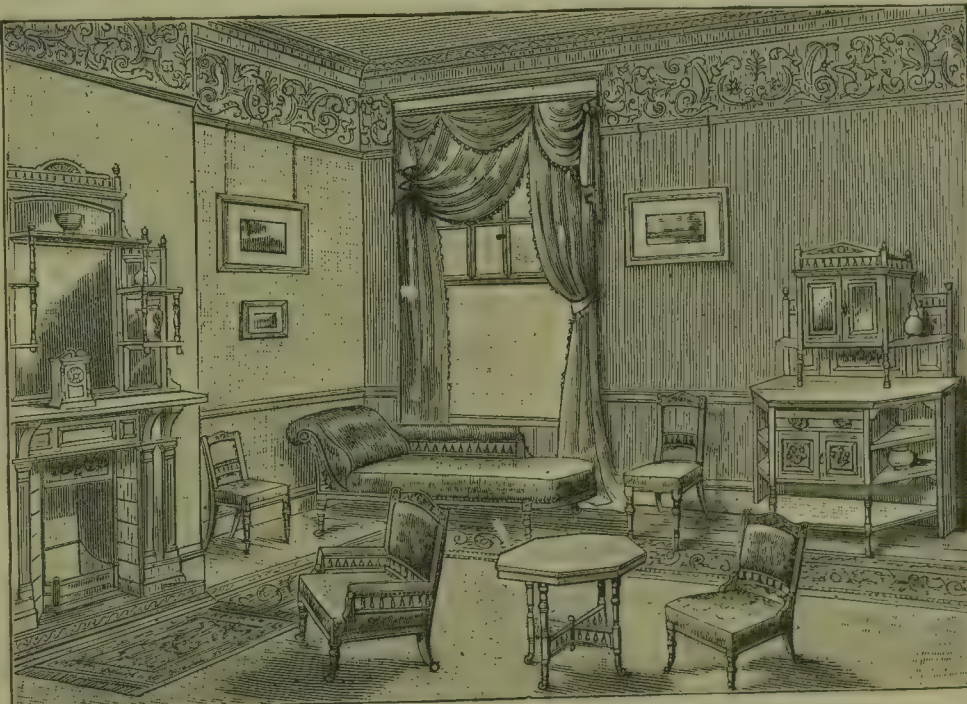
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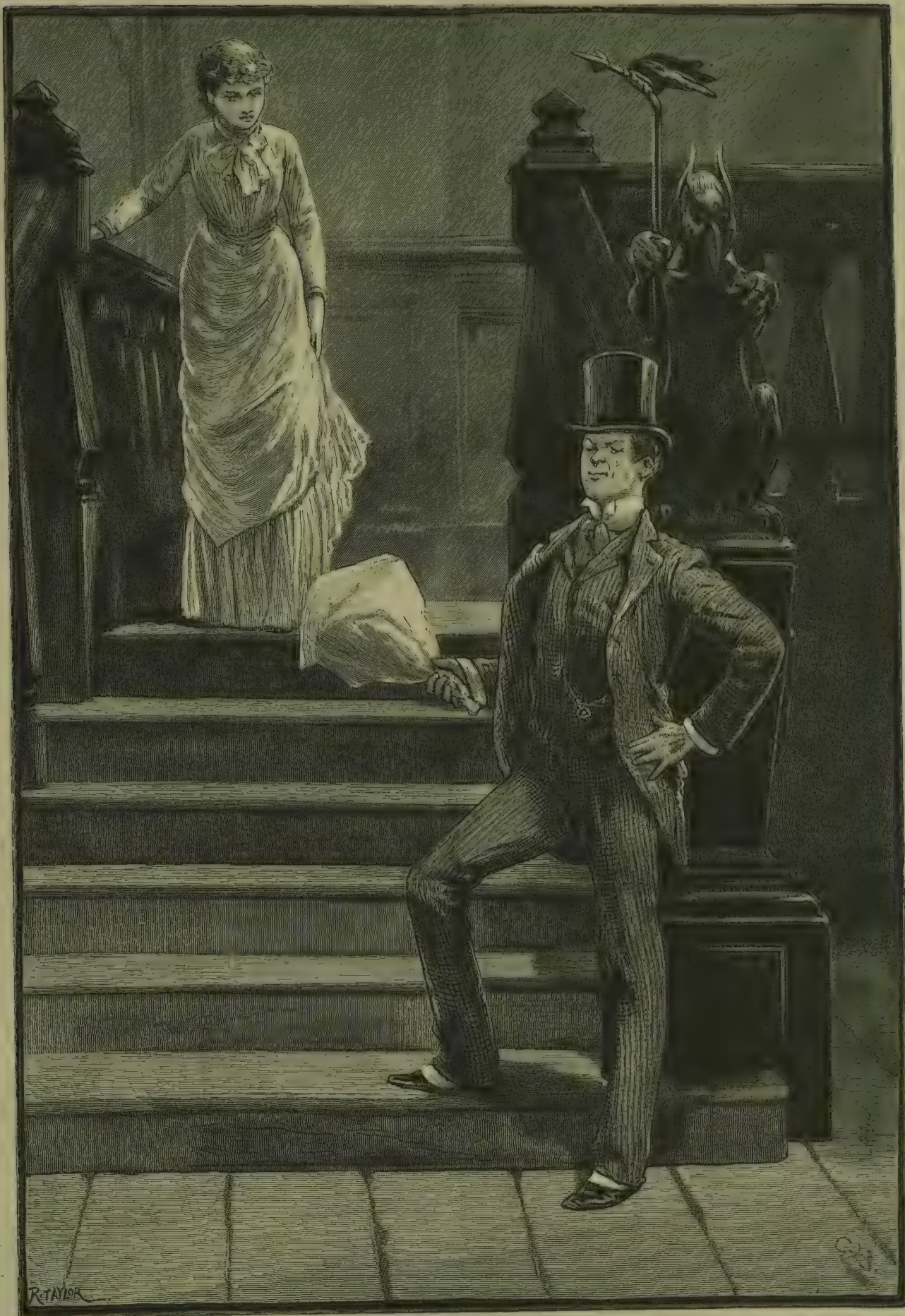
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MISER FAREBROTHER.*

BY B. L. FARJEON,

AUTHOR OF "IN A SILVER SEA," "GRIF," "GREAT PORTER-SQUARE," &C.

CHAPTER XIX.

A BEAUTIFUL BIRTHDAY.



MISER FAREBROTHER did not keep his promise of taking tea with Phoebe and her friends; he had matter more serious to occupy him; but to some extent he made atonement for it. He sent for Phoebe, and told her that he did not feel equal to the excitement, but that, before the evening was over, he would welcome Mr. and Mrs.

Lethbridge and her cousins to Parkside. This, to Phoebe, was almost as good as the keeping of his promise; he spoke in a feeble voice, as though he was ill, and his unexpected kindness and consideration touched her. She put her hand timidly upon his shoulder, moved thereto by sweet pity for his condition, and he did not repulse her; she was even bold enough to lower her face to his and kiss him more than once, and he bore it contentedly. A new feeling stirred her heart, new hopes were born within her. That this unexpected change in her father's bearing towards her should

take place on her birthday was a happy omen, and she was deeply grateful for it. From this time forth her home-life would bring her joy, instead of sorrow. She went from her father's room with a light step, ready to burst forth into song.

The feeble voice in which Miser Farebrother had spoken to Phoebe was assumed; his weakness was assumed; all the time she was with him he was watching her keenly and warily. He had never thought of her but as a child; the idea of her marrying had never entered his head; but now that it was presented to him he seized upon it and turned it about to the light. The only friends his daughter had were the Lethbridges; they had a son who doubtless would be only too ready to snap at such a bait as Phoebe. For her sake?—because he loved her?—not at all. Because her father was supposed to be rich, because of the money he would calculate upon getting with her. And thereafter there would ever and eternally be but one cry—money, money, money! All their arts, all their endeavours, their only object, would be to bleed his money-bags bare. "No, no, Mr. Lethbridge," thought Miser Farebrother, "not a penny shall ever pass from my pockets to yours." But the danger might not present itself through the Lethbridges. Phoebe might fall in love with a spendthrift or a cunning rogue. That would be as bad—worse perhaps. Despite his aversion to the Lethbridges his experience of them had taught him that they were proud, and that in the event of Phoebe marrying into their family there would be a chance of respite for him after a time, a chance that they would make up their minds to submit to poverty and trouble him no more. With a spendthrift it would be different. There would be no peace for him; the appeals for money would be incessant; he would be torn to pieces with worry. Then came the cunning rogue on to the scene, in the shape which was most objectionable to Miser Farebrother: in that of a scheming lawyer. There was more to fear from that than from every other aspect of the subject. Miser Farebrother knew the power of the law when

he invoked it on his side—which he never did without being prepared with stamped deeds and witnessed signatures—but he knew also the power of the law if, in certain cases which he could call to mind, it were invoked against him: Plaintiff and defendant were different things, had different chances. He himself never prosecuted without weighing the minutest chance, without being absolutely certain that he was standing on sure legal ground. He had submitted to losses rather than run a risk. There was one instance in which a disreputable, out-at-elbows, dissipated lawyer had defied him to his teeth—had unblushingly defrauded him by threatening exposure. Miser Farebrother, knowing that certain transactions in which he was principal would not bear the light, had submitted to be robbed rather than be dragged into the witness-box and cross-examined. Such inquiries often commence tamely, but there is no saying where they lead to; a man's smallest peccadilloes are shamelessly dragged forth, his very soul is turned inside out. Then there are Judges who, the moment a money-lending case comes before them, set to work on the debtor's side to defraud the creditor. Miser Farebrother, therefore, was wise in his generation in the tactics he pursued. Some low-minded scheming limb of the law might pay court to Phoebe with but one end in view. The thought of it sent a shiver through his nerves.

His reflections were not agreeable, but he had a large amount of common-sense, and he knew they might be serviceable. He was not displeased with Mrs. Pamflett for suggesting them. She was a useful woman; truly, as he had said, he would not have known what to do without her. She had made the same admission on her side; that was honest of her. There were conditions of life which a sensible man must accept and make the best of, and his was one. Not being able to purchase a new set of bones and nerves, he felt that to a great extent he was at the mercy of Mrs. Pamflett and Jeremiah. As difficult to replace the loss of Jeremiah in his London office as to replace the loss of Mrs. Pamflett in his house at Parkside. It was a

wretched state of things, but it must be borne and as much profit as possible made out of it. "Phœbe has only herself to blame," he thought, with monstrous mental distortion; "if she had been a boy, instead of a girl, it would all have been different."

There was no mistaking the meaning of Mrs. Pamflett's references to her son. Well, Phœbe might do worse; and if, as Mrs. Pamflett had said, he could so bind Jeremiah to him as to make him an absolute slave to his interests, such a marriage might be altogether the best thing that could happen. It would be an additional protection of Miser Farebrother's money-bags. "I will bind him tight," thought the miser, "tight. Clever lad, Jeremiah; but I shall be a match for him."

Not a thought of his daughter's happiness; she would have to do as he ordered. Thus, in the secrecy of Miser Farebrother's room, the web was forming in which Phœbe was to be entangled and her happiness wrecked.

Outside this room everything was bright. Phœbe had told Aunt and Uncle Leth of her father's goodness, and they, simple-minded and guileless as herself, rejoiced with her. "Upon my word," said Uncle Leth, "it almost makes my dream true." Phœbe moved about, singing, smiling, laughing to herself now and then, and scattering flowers of gladness all around her. "I never saw our dear Phœbe so bright," said Aunt Leth. "Our visit to Parksides is a most beautiful surprise, quite different from what I expected."

It was not the only surprise; there was another even more subtly sweet to Phœbe. This was the appearance of Fred Cornwall, who, finding no bell at the gates by which he could announce his arrival, walked boldly through, and suddenly presented himself. They were all outside the house, awaiting Mrs. Pamflett's summons to tea.

"Why," exclaimed the arch-conspirator Fanny, calling astonishment into her features, "if there isn't Mr. Cornwall coming up the walk! Who would have thought it; and how ever did he find us out?"

Phœbe turned towards the young man, blushing, and with a palpitating heart.

"I hope you will pardon the liberty I have taken," said he; "but as it is your birthday I thought I might venture."

"How did you know?" asked Phœbe, her hand in his.

"A little bird told me," was his reply. "How do you do, Aunt Leth! How do you do, Miss Fanny?"

He exchanged pleasant words of greeting with his friends, and looked very handsome and by no means ill at ease, though an uninvited guest. Well dressed, well mannered, a gentleman every inch of him.

At the door of the house, unseen by any one of the happy group, Mrs. Pamflett appeared. She saw the meeting, and noted Phœbe's blushing face. She partly closed the door, and, retreating a step, stood there, watching and debating within herself.

Fred Cornwall held in his hand a bunch of flowers, very choice specimens, loosely tied, and arranged with charming grace. Not in the shape of a regulation bouquet, but infinitely more beautiful in their apparently careless form. He offered them to Phœbe, and she accepted them. Mrs. Pamflett set her thin white lips close.

Then the young gentleman presented, as birthday gifts, the presents he had bought for Phœbe on his Continental trip, accompanying them with heartfelt wishes. Phœbe, trembling, thrilling, was in the seventh heaven of joy.

When, however, she recovered her self-possession, she felt herself in a difficulty. Would her father be angry? Aunt Leth, seeing the light shadow on her face, moved aside with her.

"You are thinking of your father, Phœbe?" she said.

"Yes, aunt."

"You would like Mr. Cornwall to stop to tea?" Enlightened by Fanny's confession in the early part of the day, she regarded Mr. Cornwall and her niece as lovers, and her sympathies were already enlisted on their side.

"Yes, aunt," replied Phœbe. "But it is a little awkward, is it not? What shall I do?"

"Go and ask your father," said Aunt Leth. "Say that Mr. Cornwall is a friend of ours, and that you have often met him at our house. Go at once; Mr. Cornwall need not know; I will keep him engaged while you are away."

Phœbe nodded, and started for the house. Mrs. Pamflett, seeing her coming, beat a retreat, not desiring to meet the young girl just at that moment.

"Father," said Phœbe, "I am in a difficulty. I hope you will not mind."

"Not at all," said Miser Farebrother. She had never heard him speak in a voice so kind and gentle.

"A friend of Aunt Leth's has just arrived, and has brought me these." She showed him the flowers and the presents, and he pretended to take interest in them. "He has been on the Continent, father; and he purchased presents for all of us."

"Very generous, very generous," said Miser Farebrother. "Did you invite him here?"

"No, father; I would not have dared without asking your consent. I can't make out how he found his way here, and how he knew it was my birthday. I did not tell him."

"Perhaps your aunt did."

"I think not, father."

"What is your difficulty, Phœbe?"

"I should like to ask him to stop to tea, if you have no objection."

"You may ask him," said Miser Farebrother. He had a direct motive in giving his consent so readily. The nature of his late reflections had inspired an interest in all Phœbe's acquaintances, and he wished to see this friend of her aunt's.

"Oh, father, how can I thank you?"

"By obeying me, Phœbe."

"Yes, father; I will."

"I hope you will keep your word. What is the name of this new friend?"

"Not new, father—old."

"New to me. What is his name?"

"Mr. Cornwall. He is a gentleman, father."

"Young?"

"Yes, father."

"What is he besides being a gentleman?"

"He is a barrister."

"A lawyer? Ah! A clever one?"

"They say so, father."

"Ah! Is he a great friend of your aunt's?"

"A very great friend, father. They think the world of him."

He nodded and dismissed her, and then gave himself up again to contemplation of the incident in connection with what had preceded it. He, as well as Mrs. Pamflett, had noted his daughter's blushes, her eagerness, her excitement of delight, and he placed his own construction upon her manner. It seemed to him as if he had been drawn into some game which it was vitally necessary he should win. It was strange how things appeared to fit in with one another. He had been thinking of lawyers, and here was one in his house, an unmistakable intruder, with flowers and presents for Phœbe, the daughter of rich Miser Farebrother. A clever lawyer, too, and a great friend of the Lethbridges, whom he hated from

the bottom of his heart. Bold schemers they, and a bold ally this Mr. Cornwall to presume to come, uninvited, to his house, regarding him, its owner, as a person of no importance, whose wishes it was unnecessary to consult. What had passed between this unwelcome guest and Phœbe? How far had they gone; and what was being hidden from him? He did not doubt now that the presence of the Lethbridges in Parksides on his daughter's birthday was part of a cunning plot, in which their lawyer friend was a principal actor. "They are all in a league against me," he thought; "but I shall be equal with them. If Phœbe disobeys me, she must take the consequences. I will wring a promise from her to-night, before I go to bed."

"Mr. Cornwall," said Phœbe, when she rejoined her friends in the open, "will you stop and have a cup of tea with us?"

"Would it be possible," he said, turning with smiles to Fanny, "for me to refuse?"

"How should I know?" said Fanny, tossing her head.

"It will be a great pleasure to me," said Fred Cornwall to Phœbe. "I almost feared that I should be looked upon as an intruder."

"Of course you did," said Fanny, making a face at him behind her cousin's back; "that is why you came."

"We can all go back to London together," said Aunt Leth.

"Yes," said Fanny; "and you can make love to me in the train."

"You must not mind her, Mr. Cornwall," said Aunt Leth; "her high spirits sometimes run away with her."

"I wish some nice young gentleman would," whispered Fanny to Phœbe. "Why doesn't a fairy godmother take me in hand?"

"Aunt," said Phœbe, aside, to Mrs. Lethbridge, "I think I was never quite so happy as I am to-day. You have no idea how kind papa has been to me."

Aunt Leth pressed Phœbe's arm affectionately, and at that moment Mrs. Pamflett appeared and said that tea was ready. She had delayed it till the last minute in the hope that Jeremiah would arrive, and she was vexed and disappointed at his absence. Outwardly, however, she was all graciousness, and she took especial pains to put on her most amiable manners.

"No girl ever had a more beautiful birthday," thought Phœbe, as they all trooped into the house.

CHAPTER XX.

JEREMIAH PAMFLETT ASSERTS HIMSELF.

The innocent fun and gaiety at the tea-table was long afterwards remembered. There was an animated discussion as to who should take the head of the table. Phœbe wanted Aunt Leth to do so, but Fanny interfered, and said no one should sit there but Phœbe.

"It is Phœbe's day," persisted the light-hearted girl, "and something unlucky will happen if she doesn't pour out the tea. Mr. Cornwall, come and court me at the bottom of the table."

"Didn't you say it was Miss Farebrother's day?" said Fred, as he took his seat next to the young hostess. He was not wanting in resource, and rather enjoyed Fanny's badinage.

The table was much more plentifully supplied than Phœbe expected, and she cast many grateful glances at Mrs. Pamflett, who had certainly taken pains to do honour to the occasion. Mrs. Pamflett received these tokens of gratitude gravely and quietly; no one would have supposed that her mind was occupied by any other consideration than the comfort of her young mistress's guests. But nothing escaped her secretly watchful eyes; every word, every look, every little attention from Fred Cornwall to Phœbe was carefully noted and treasured up.

A merrier meal was never enjoyed; the buzz of conversation was delightful to hear. Phœbe was the quietest, Fanny the noisiest. Suddenly she became quite still, and gazed pensively at Fred Cornwall.

"A penny for your thoughts," said he.

"They are yours at the price," she replied, holding out her hand for the penny. "I am feeling very sorry for you."

"Why?"

"Because I am convinced you would be much happier if you were at this moment shelling peas with a certain young lady in Switzerland."

This caused a general laugh, and Fred enlarged upon the delights of his trip, Fanny interrupting him a dozen times with some quizzical remark.

"You certainly want someone to keep you in order, Fanny," laughingly observed her mother.

"I do," replied Fanny, dolefully. "Where is that someone? Why does he not appear?"

Towards the end of the meal Mrs. Pamflett swiftly left the room. Looking out of the window she saw her son Jeremiah, and she hastened down to him.

"Well, mother?" said he.

"What has made you so late?" she asked anxiously.

"Now, don't nag," he exclaimed. "I couldn't get here before; had a hundred things to look after. The new clothes I ordered never came home, and I had to go and bullyrag the tailor. How do I look, mother?"

"Beautiful, Jeremiah, beautiful," she said enthusiastically.

On his feet were patent leather shoes; on his head the shiniest of belltoppers; on his hands lavender-coloured kid gloves; round his neck a light-blue scarf, with a great carbuncle pin stuck in it; and he wore a tourist's suit of russet-brown, of a very large cheque pattern.

"Rather licks 'em, doesn't it?" he asked, in a tone of self-admiration and approval, turning slowly round to exhibit his points.

"That it does, Jeremiah."

"Look at this," he said, taking off his hat.

"Why, you've had your hair curled, Jeremiah!"

"Slightly! Nobby, aint it?"

"It's beautiful! My own dear boy!"

"Keep your fingers to yourself, can't you? There, you've gone and put it all out!" He drew from his pocket a small mirror, and anxiously readjusted the curls his mother had touched. "Now just you be careful. Eyes on, hands off!"

"They must have cost a lot of money, Jeremiah."

"They did: a heap; but in for a penny, in for a pound. There's one comfort; it's all spent on myself. Catch me spending it on anybody else. They cost, altogether—well, never mind; we're going in for a big thing, aint we? I aint particular to a pound or two when the stake's worth it."

"You have the heart of a lion!" said Mrs. Pamflett.

"What will she think of me, mother? Look at me well; reckon me up."

"She can't help thinking as I do, Jeremiah."

"She's a nunny if she don't. She won't get another chance like it, I'll bet."

"What is that you're carrying, my boy?"

"A bouquet. Here, I'll just lift the paper so that you can see it. Roses, stephanotis, and maidenhair. Now, who'll say I aint a plucky one? Just wipe this dust off my boots."

In her full-hearted admiration Mrs. Pamflett had lost sight of her conversation with Miser Farebrother, and of the presence of Fred Cornwall in the room above; but now, as she carefully wiped Jeremiah's boots, it all came back to her. Bidding him to give her his best attention, she told him everything; he listened to her attentively, and put a good many questions to her when she had done, the most important of which related to his master.

"He didn't shy at it, then?" he asked.

"No," she replied, "he seemed to take to it kindly."

"You're sure he understood you?"

"He couldn't be off understanding me; I put it to him pretty plain. All you've got to do is to play your cards well."

"I'll do that. When I've got a winning hand I know what to do with it."

"Are you pleased with me, Jeremiah?"

"Yes, it was a bold stroke; only don't do it again. Let me play my own game. I don't mind telling you something if you'll keep it dark." He paused a moment before continuing. "Do you see my thumb?" He held out his right hand, palm upwards, with the thumb arched over it. "I've got the London business like this; I've got Miser Farebrother like this. He's under my thumb, mother, and he doesn't know it. If I left him he'd lose thousands, and if the worst comes to the worst I can put it to him like that, in a way he can't mistake."

"Don't be rash, Jeremiah," implored Mrs. Pamflett; "be humble with him."

"Oh, yes; I'll be humble with him as long as it suits me. Do you think I've been working all these years for nothing? Do you think I've had the office all to myself for nothing? Does he think I didn't take his measure years and years ago, and that I didn't make up my mind what to do?"

"Jeremiah, Jeremiah!" cried Mrs. Pamflett, "be careful. He's cunning, he's clever; he can see with his eyes shut."

"I beat him at his own game. Cunning as he is, I'm cunninger; clever as he is, I'm cleverer; I could see without any eyes at all. Wasn't it as clear to me as daylight, if I'd been content to be his slave, taking his miserable few shillings a-week and trying to live on it, that I should be no better off at seventy years than I was at seventeen? Oh! no; not at all! I was a fool, I was; and didn't know how many beams make five! I was born yesterday, I was! There, now; I've said enough. You'll live to see something that'll make you open your eyes. Oh! hanged if I wasn't forgetting. What did the governor do with that beggar, Tom Barley?"

"Discharged him. He's gone for good."

"He's gone for bad, you mean. He'll come to a nice end, and I'll help him to it if I can. So the old hunk discharged Tom Barley, did he? Well; I settled his hash for him, at all events."

"It shows what influence you have over the master," observed Mrs. Pamflett.

"I'll have more before I've done with him. Hallo! Just hear how they're laughing up-stairs. I say, mother, couldn't you call Phœbe down here? I don't care about giving her the flowers with all that lot looking on and sniggering. Just you go and whisper to her that a gentleman wants very particularly to see her. Wait a minute; is my scarf right?"

"Yes, Jeremiah," said Mrs. Pamflett, and was about to leave him when he cried again nervously, "Wait a minute, can't you? What a hurry you're in. What would you say to her, mother, when you give 'em to her?"

"Wish her many happy returns of the day, Jeremiah; and you might ask if she will give you a cup of tea. That will give you an excuse for following her; she can't very well leave the people up-stairs long to themselves."

"All right; I'll do it." And Jeremiah struck an attitude, and waited for Phœbe, who had received a message, not that "a gentleman" wanted particularly to see her, but that a friend was below who was anxious to wish her many happy returns. When Phœbe heard this, she thought for a moment that it might be faithful Tom Barley, whom Mrs. Pamflett, in her good nature, had allowed to enter; and she was startled when she saw Jeremiah Pamflett.

"It's me, Miss," said that worthy. "You're not sorry, I hope."

"No," she said awkwardly; "not at all."

"Seeing it was your birthday," said Jeremiah, "I thought I'd give you an agreeable surprise. Just look at this." He took the blue paper off the bouquet, and held it up for her admiration.

"It is very pretty," said Phœbe.

"I should rather say it was. It cost enough, anyhow: eight-and-six I gave for it."

He paused for a reply, and Phœbe said "Yes!" not knowing what else to say.

"Half-a-guinea they asked; but I beat 'em down. They do try to take you in, the shopkeepers; but I get up a little too early for them. When they try their games on me, they try 'em on the wrong party. Don't you think so?" He made a motion with his elbow, with the intention of digging it playfully into her side; but she shrank back, and frustrated his amiable design. "I went to Covent-garden myself to pick it out." He paused again, and, as she did not speak, he thought, "Hang it! Why doesn't she say something?" comforting himself, however, with the reflection that his resplendent appearance had "regularly knocked her over," as he would have openly expressed it in his choice vernacular. Feeling that he was not getting along as well as he wished, he wound up with, "For you, Miss; wishing you many happy returns of the day."

"You are very kind," said Phœbe, having no option but to accept the bouquet, "to spend so much money upon me."

"Oh," said Jeremiah, boastfully, "I can do a thing swell when I've a mind to. I never laid out so much on flowers before, but I wouldn't mind doing it again—for you, Miss."

"Pray don't think of it," said Phœbe, not knowing whether to laugh or to cry.

"Well, I won't say whether I will or not. It all depends."

He spread himself out airily in order that she might have a good view of him. He took off his hat, touched his curled hair gingerly, put his left arm akimbo, and stood at ease, with his right leg outstretched. He was rather proud of his manners, and thought he was making an impression. The question whether Phœbe should laugh or cry was determined by his attitude, and Jeremiah was somewhat confounded as a light hysterical laugh escaped her.

"What at, Miss?" he asked, the smirk on his face changing to a frown.

"At that boy," said Phœbe, looking at the back of him; "he is so funny."

Jeremiah, turning, really saw a ragged little boy approaching them. It was a fortunate escape for Phœbe, who went towards the little fellow, and asked him what he wanted.

"I wants to see the young lady of the 'ouse," said the boy. "Are you 'er?"

"Yes."

"I'm to give yer this, and run away."

A faithful messenger. He gave a small brown-paper parcel to Phœbe, and scuttled away as fast as his little legs would carry him. Phœbe, wondering, opened the parcel, and there lay a few wild daisies, accompanied by a piece of white paper,

upon which was written, "With Tom Barley's humble duty. For ever and ever." It was shocking writing, and Phoebe had some difficulty in deciphering it; but it brought the tears to her eyes. She put the paper in her pocket, and pinned the daisies at her bosom.

"I beg your pardon for leaving you," said Phoebe to Jeremiah. "And now I must go to my friends."

"You might offer me a cup of tea, Miss," he said, "Yes; I will—though I am afraid it is almost cold."

"Nothing can be cold where you are, Miss," said Jeremiah, gallantly. "I'll come up with you. Why do you wear those rubbishy flowers? You can pick 'em up in the fields."

"They are from an old friend," said Phoebe, loyally. "I value them quite as much as if they had cost"—She stopped, frightened at her rashness; she was about to add, "eight-and-six." Jeremiah completed the sentence for her, supplying the precise words in her mind.

"As if they cost eight-and-six, Miss," he said quietly. "There was a venom in his voice which made her shudder. "I'll think of that."

She felt it necessary to mollify him; and though she hated herself for her duplicity, she was very gracious to him as they ascended the stairs, so that when they entered the room his equanimity was restored. It may have been the grandeur of his appearance, or perhaps it was something in Phoebe's face that caused an awkward pause in the merriment upon their entrance. Fortunately for the situation, Mrs. Pamflett was in the room, and as Phoebe made no attempt to introduce Jeremiah to the company, Mrs. Pamflett said, in a distinct, measured voice,

"My son, Mr. Pamflett, Mr. Farebrother's manager." Mr. Lethbridge rose and offered the young man his hand. "Glad to know you," said Jeremiah. "You're Mr. Lethbridge. How do you do, all of you?"

Mrs. Lethbridge inclined her head, perceiving that something was wrong. Fanny with difficulty repressed a giggle; Bob looked supercilious, while Fred Cornwall scarcely glanced at the new arrival.

"Will you give Mr. Pamflett a cup of tea, aunt?" said Phoebe.

"No," said Jeremiah, "not from your aunt, if you please; from you. Then I sha'n't want any sugar in it. Anything the matter with you, Miss?" He addressed this question to Fanny, from whom an uncertain sound of laughter was proceeding.

"Something in my throat," replied Fanny. "Shall I slap you on the back, Miss?"

"No, no!" cried Fanny, suddenly quite sobered. Jeremiah drank his tea very slowly, looking alternately from one to the other. There was a dead silence in the room.

"Shall my niece pour you out another cup?" asked Mrs. Lethbridge, politely.

"If it will oblige her," said Jeremiah, with cold malignity, "she may."

Without a word Phoebe poured out the tea and handed it to him. He drank it even more slowly than he had done the first cup. When it was finished, Mrs. Lethbridge said,

"There is no more in the pot."

"That is a pity," said Jeremiah; "because we are enjoying ourselves so."

"I propose," said Mrs. Lethbridge, "that we go into the open air. It is a most lovely evening."

They all rose, glad of the escape. Jeremiah pushed himself between Fred Cornwall and Phoebe, and walked by her side down the stairs. When they were in the open he said to her,

"You have forgotten your bouquet. I will go and bring it to you. Shall I?"

"If you please," she answered faintly. She could make no other reply.

His mother met him in the passage. "Miser Farebrother wishes to see you, Jeremiah. You can join Miss Phoebe afterwards."

"All right," said Jeremiah; "I will. Look here, mother. Is that Cornwall fellow sticking up to Phoebe?"

"That is for you to find out, Jeremiah. If you are my son you are not to be easily beaten."

"Easily beaten!" he echoed, with malignant emphasis. "When my back's up, I generally let people know it. Did you notice how they behaved to me at the tea-table?"

"You paid them out for it, Jeremiah," said Mrs. Pamflett, exultantly. "I am proud of you."

"You shall have more reason by-and-by. Paid them out for it! Why, they didn't have a word to say for themselves! I just looked at them, and shut them up! As for Phoebe, let her look out; that's all I say—let her look out! Did you ever see a cat play with a mouse?"

"Often, Jeremiah."

"Well, let her look out for herself. That's all I've got to say."

(To be continued.)

FINANCES OF THE CITY CORPORATION.

The accounts of the Corporation of the City of London for the year ended Dec. 31, 1886, have been issued. They are contained in a foolscap volume of 260 pages, and, in addition to containing a mass of information relative to the income and expenditure of the Corporation, they also give some important facts connected with the corn, coal, and wine duties, and other funds which are in the hands of the Corporation as trustees for the purpose of carrying out specific public trusts.

The income of the Corporation from ordinary sources during the year was £372,129 3s. 9d., and the expenditure £381,789 8s., leaving a deficit which was met by drawing from the reserve fund. The balance in hand on Dec. 31, 1885, was £10,777 16s. 5d., but an amount of £5035 3s. 1d. overpaid in respect of market construction left a real balance in hand of £5742 13s. 4d. Included in the trust funds are some of the most important funds in the hands of the Corporation. The Bridge House Estates accounts show that the amount received in rents and premiums has been £99,781, out of which sum London, Blackfriars, and Southwark bridges have been repaired; £5000 was paid towards the expenses of the Tower Bridge Act; £24,952 was paid for interest on loans, and there was a balance in hand of £24,894. The Tower Bridge construction account figures in the accounts for the first time, and from it it appears that the cost of the ceremony of laying the foundation-stone was £2882, and Sir Horace Jones, the City architect, was paid £5250, in addition to his salary, for services in connection with the bridge. The accounts of the coal and wine duties show that on the duty of ninepence per ton on coal and the duty on wine brought into the port of London £400,160 3s. 11d. was raised. After allowing for the drawback on coal re-exported, a sum of £322,518 0s. 8d. was paid into the Bank of England to the credit of the Metropolitan Board of Works on account of the Thames Embankment and Metropolitan Improvement Fund. On the City's duty of fourpence per ton, £173,776 was raised, and went to pay the interest on and discharge bonds created for City improvements. The grain duty produced £16,992, and this was expended in maintaining Fipping Forest, St. Paul's Churchyard, Burnham Beeches, and Coudsdon and other adjacent commons in Surrey.

A CENTURY AGO.

SEPTEMBER, 1787.

It is somewhat singular that the idea which prompts these papers had its parallel in 1787. In a number of the *World* of that year we find the heading, "Changes of 100 Years," which goes on thus:—

In 1687, a rebellion was brewing in England, and the Prince of Orange was preparing, with the assistance of the Dutch, to succour the popular party.

In 1687, the Court went to mid-night mass, matins, and vespers, and heard sermons preached by the Pope's Legate.

In 1687, there were reckoned to be about fifty Scotch and twenty-eight Irish men in London.

In 1687, it was reckoned a fortnight's journey from London to York. In 1687, palaces inhabited by Princes of the Blood stood in the Strand; St. Martin's Church was in the Fields; and Hammersmith and Kensington were reckoned elegant retirements in the country.

And yet a somewhat practical denial to the last paragraph is given by the same paper, which, on the first of the month, chronicles a foxhunt from Totteridge to Highgate.

On Sept. 3 there was a riot at Glasgow, caused by the weavers, whose wages had been reduced. They cut webs of cloth, and committed other acts of violence; in consequence of which the military were called out, ordered to fire, and eight people were killed, others being wounded. But the riots were stopped.

Dr. Tanner could fast pretty well, and so could Merlatti, whose fifty days' fast ended Dec. 15, 1886; but they pale before our native product; for, in September, 1787, there was to be seen at Godstone a child that for nineteen weeks had taken no nourishment of any kind. The account, however, adds, that "evidently, from appearance, she was on the verge of death."

On Sept. 4 a very interesting ceremony was performed in St. George's Chapel, Windsor—called an offering from the Knights of the Garter—which generally took place twice a year, if a chapter could be formed; the chapter consisting of three Knights. On this occasion the three were the King, as Sovereign of the Order, the Duke of York, and the Duke of Montagu, who, with reverence, and deep bows, each deposited an ingot of gold upon the altar. This offering was accompanied by suitable prayers, and the gold was given to the poor.

Archery still kept up its reputation as a fashionable recreation, the most aristocratic society, perhaps, being the Royal British Bowmen, of which the Prince of Wales was patron.



The society was mainly composed of gentlemen and ladies of North Wales, and they met every fortnight, at the seat of one or other of the members, in rotation. We are told "the ladies use their bows with grace and skill"; which also seems to be the case in the accompanying Engraving, which is after Rowlandson. And there was also the Society of Archers, who, having hitherto practised in the gardens behind Leicester House, had just purchased a spacious piece of ground at the upper end of Tottenham-court-road.

And, if ladies indulged in archery, so they seem to have done with cricket—if we may credit the illustration of Miss Wicket. There were large sums of money played for at cricket.

There was a match on Sept. 11, at the New Cricket-ground, Marylebone, between an eleven of Lord Winchelsea and another of Sir Horace Mann, when the Lord and the Baronet made "another match for a cool thousand."

Here is a curious escape of a thief. On Sept. 11, two chimney-sweepers were found robbing an orchard at Homerton. One was taken, and sent about his business, after being well reprimanded; but the other suddenly turned into a house, and, though there was a large fire in the kitchen grate, he stepped upon the bars, and, passing up the chimney, was almost in an instant upon the roof of the house; going over several buildings, he descended another chimney, and got clear off.

The universality of boxing at this period is well exemplified in the following story taken from the *Morning Chronicle* of Sept. 17:—

"A few evenings ago, a broker in the City (who is as much distinguished in philology as in his profession) was, in a very abrupt manner, pushed from the pavement in Newgate-street by men genteel in appearance. The former, showing a degree of resentment for the others' illegality, received a blow on the head from one, with a challenge to decide their difference by blows. They immediately stripped; a genteel-looking man appeared in the interim, expressing himself an advocate for the former's spirited conduct, and at the same time reproaching the others for their acts of injustice; assuring the broker he would be careful of his apparel, if he entrusted the same to his care, and would not suffer him further to be imposed on. The credulity of the broker induced him to deliver to the care of this gentleman his coat, waistcoat, hat, and cane. Immediately after, a contest ensued, which

lasted with some spirit for a considerable time, till the antagonist of the former, feeling himself too much overpowered, ran off; but not before he had closed the eyes and otherwise much bruised his combatant. The broker inquired for his pretended friend to dress, but alas! to his astonishment, this obliging person had decamped also, when the broker, almost mad with vexation, walked home bald-headed and bare-backed, weltering in blood, bewailing his luckless fortune."

Now-a-days, "the silly season" in the newspaper press sets in about September, at the time of the annual exodus to the seaside. It was the same a century ago; but "the enormous gooseberry" had not then been invented. Still, the genius that wrote the following paragraph, if he had lived in these latter days, might have proved himself equal to the gooseberry:—"A mackarell was caught last week in the west of England, measuring these extraordinary dimensions: above two feet from head to tail, near seventeen inches across the shoulders." A truly extraordinary fish! for it was not far from being as broad as it was long.

Art was looking up in a most satisfactory way for artists. "The painters are all rising. Gainsborough has raised his price to forty guineas; Romney to thirty; and Stuart, who was at twenty-five last winter, is following him. Gainsborough has been making hay while the sun shines. In the course of the summer there are whole lengths of Mr. Langston, Mr. Beaufoy, Sir F. Sykes, Mrs. Bate Dudley, the Duke of Norfolk, the Marquis of Buckingham, and Mr. Pitt. There is, besides, a woodman and his dog in a land-storm, which anybody who has three hundred guineas may make his own."

"Died at Llanvare, near Ruthin, county Denbigh" (Llan-fair Dyffryn Clwyd?) "Mrs. Susan Parry, a maiden lady, who, by her will bequeaths the sum of three guineas to her harper, on condition that he would play on the harp (an instrument that she was very fond of) two plaintive tunes, which she had fixed on, over her grave, which were accordingly performed on the 13th instant. The novelty of the scene drew together a vast concourse of people, and the poor harper, being an old servant, could hardly begin, for the solemnity of the place and the number of people about him had such an effect upon him that he burst into tears, and it was some time before he was capable of performing the last commands of his old mistress; which had so much effect upon the spectators that there was hardly a dry eye in the churchyard."

Ireland, a century ago, required, as now, an army to keep order. "The following is a pretty correct list of the present army establishment in Ireland, as transmitted from the Board of War in the city of Dublin. Cavalry: Four regiments of horse, one of horse dragoons, and seven of light dragoons—total, twelve regiments. Infantry: Twenty-one regiments. The dragoons are pretty near up to their complement, the four regiments of horse are not full, and most of the infantry regiments want recruits."

The Whiteboys were abroad—so called from the white shirt which they wore over their ordinary clothes when engaged in their outrages—painful parallels to which we have been experiencing for some years past. There is a great similarity in the details. Take this one, only, as an instance, which reads as if of to-day. Extract from a letter from Cork, Sept. 21:—"Last Friday night about 200 Whiteboys assembled on the

lands of Pierce's Court in the north liberties of this city, mounted and armed, and obliged John Murphy, steward to Mr. John Casey, of Flower Hill, to swear on a book that he would deliver a message to his master from Captain Right, which was, that if he, Mr. Casey, did not turn out the tithe of his hay, which he had not drawn in, and not take any of his tithes, that every beast he had should be houghed, and his property otherwise destroyed."

The culture of muscle has revived amongst us of late years, but athletic exercises of all kinds were in full swing in 1787. Pedestrianism was amongst them, and the most extraordinary professor of this branch of athleticism was one Foster Powell, who was born, in 1734, at Horsforth, near Leeds. In 1773 he walked from London to York, and back again, a distance of 400 miles, in five days and eighteen hours; but this was beaten by his feat in 1787. For a wager of 100 gs. he walked from Canterbury to London Bridge, and back again, a distance of 112 miles, within twenty-four hours. He started on the afternoon of Sept. 27, and walked to London Bridge in ten hours and a half; but he took thirteen hours and twenty minutes to return—thus winning his wager, with ten minutes to spare.

J. A.



The Archbishop of York last week consecrated in York Minster the Venerable James Wareing Bardsley, Archdeacon of Liverpool, to the Bishopric of Sodor and Man.

Sir Charles Tupper, the High Commissioner for Canada, has paid over to the Imperial Institute Fund £20,000, representing the official donation of the Dominion Parliament of Canada towards the foundation of the Institute.

A Parliamentary return has been issued of the sums annually voted by Parliament, and of sums chargeable on the Consolidated Fund, to each of the four Universities of Scotland and to the Royal Observatory and Royal Botanic Garden in Edinburgh for each of the ten years ending March 31, 1887. It also includes the sums chargeable as pensions to the retired professors of each of the four Universities for the same period, the sums spent for the erection or maintenance of University buildings, and the sums paid to the professors from the funds of the Deanery of the Chapel Royal in Scotland, the revenues of which consist of surplus tithes and feu duties. During the period covered by the return, Aberdeen University has received £68,305; Edinburgh University, £89,936; Glasgow University, £72,771; St. Andrews University, £40,498; Edinburgh Observatory, £12,628; and the Edinburgh Botanic Garden, £31,192—making a total of £315,530. The expenditure for new works, including purchase of sites, embraces £5167 for Aberdeen University, £80,000 for Edinburgh University (four special grants in aid, £20,000), £679 for St. Andrews University, £1033 for the Edinburgh Observatory, and £2381 for the Edinburgh Botanic Garden, exclusive of expenditure on Edinburgh Arboretum and Inverleith House—making a total expenditure of £89,260. The total amount paid to the Divinity Professors in the four Universities from the funds of the Deanery of the Chapel Royal is £3683 in each case, an additional sum of £7367 being paid to the Professor of Biblical Criticism and Biblical Antiquities in Edinburgh University, making a total of £22,102.





THE THAMES BOATING SEASON: MARKET DAY AT KINGSTON.

DRAWN BY LUCIEN DAVIS.

NEW BOOKS.

The Prevention of Consumption: A New Theory of the Nature of the Tubercle-Bacillus. By C. Candler, Melbourne, Victoria (Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co.).—We earnestly recommend this treatise, by a writer of high scientific ability and originality, not only to those of the medical profession who are bound in duty to examine any well-supported argument on the subject, but to all educated persons. For scarcely any man or woman has not had cause, as many have in their own families, many others in their circle of friends, to dread the insidious lung-disease which destroys so many beloved lives, in youth or in their prime; while if Mr. Candler be right, all parents and friends, controlling ordinary household arrangements, have power to avert or to cure the evil. The specific malady in question, which formerly was confounded by popular ignorance with other injurious affections of the lungs, such as congestion from the effects of chill or inflammation, is now certainly known to proceed from the growth of a minute fungoid vegetable parasite, the "bacillus," forming the deposit of obstructive matter called "tubercles." Koch, of Berlin, the eminent discoverer of this very important fact of science, was induced, perhaps too hastily, to assume that the bacilli were developed only in a human or other animal body, at blood-heat temperature; and that they were imparted to other human beings or animals by direct contagion. Acting on this theory, which Mr. Candler strongly opposes, the physicians of Berlin and Vienna have lately insisted on a series of terribly distressing ordinances for the entire separation of phthisical patients, or of any persons showing a tendency towards phthisis, from those in health. It is obvious that the consequences of generally obeying this rule, if it were practicable in most cases, would be extreme domestic sorrow, and a cruel infringement of the rights of love and friendship, aggravating beyond measure the grief and despair of a family threatened with bereavement, during the slow process of a lingering, frequently variable, flickering vital mischief, which is often relieved by short intervals of comfort and mental cheerfulness, when the enjoyment of companionship, in view of approaching death, is apt to be sweet and sacred. If Mr. Candler's opinion be well founded, as we hope it will prove, there can be no necessity whatever for any degree of isolation of "consumptive" persons; while he is able, on the other hand, to point out what he considers the true cause of the introduction of the fatal bacilli into the air-passages and lungs; and to show the very simple, easy, and natural way of preventing, sometimes of curing, and perhaps of generally extirpating, this destructive disease. His arguments the more urgently demand attention, because the doctrine and practice of the German disciples of Koch, based on the supposition that the bacillus is a "pure parasite," originating exclusively within the animal organism, absolutely debar all care to prevent the admission of this noxious pest from other sources than direct contagion; so that, if Mr. Candler be right, the misapplication of Koch's great discovery really hinders the beneficial measures that ought to be adopted since the bacillus was revealed. For he holds that the bacillus, the enemy to be fought against, is an "accidental parasite," originating quite outside the animal body under certain atmospheric conditions, inhabiting commonly the neglected nooks and corners of dwelling-houses, and tainting the air with its germs, which are inhaled in vast multitudes by the breath, especially in the still air of closed bed-rooms at night. If the inhalation, frequently repeated during a long period, of this specific malaria be the true and sole cause of phthisis, why, the sooner everybody knows it, the better; for the choice and care of the bed-room, also of the ordinary living-room and work-room, is everybody's business, and is not the concern of the physician alone, or in the first instance. The cure also of phthisis, as well as the prevention, may in some instances be obtained, according to Mr. Candler, by simply removing the patient to an habitation, a room or set of rooms, in which the bacilli and their germs cannot exist; and this condition he unhesitatingly asserts to be produced by a certain amount of chemical action of sunlight. Ventilation alone will not avail, in his opinion; nor the drying of rooms by fires; nor the most careful sweeping, dusting, and scrubbing, where there are wooden floors, wall-papers, mantelpieces, cupboards and shelves, and heavy furniture: but large windows having a sunny aspect, regularly kept open to the full daylight for some hours before and after noon-day, with the removal of all shutters, blinds, and curtains in the daytime, will make a bed-room in England, in summer or winter, safer for those liable to consumption than many a noted foreign place of sojourn. And this will prevent the beginning of consumption. We must say that the common-sense and instinct of mankind, and the results of common experience, run pretty much in the direction of a ready assent to the practical recommendations of this author. It seems not improbable also that further "micro-pathological" researches concerning the bacillus, and the advance of scientific investigations with regard to the chemical properties of the solar rays, with more complete "actinometrical" observations, may speedily confirm his theory in all points; in the meantime, so far as we understand, there are no grounds of positively ascertained facts upon which it can be decidedly contradicted. One consequence of its establishment in public opinion would perhaps be to put an end to the resort of consumptive patients to the famous "sheltered valleys" of the elevated Alpine region, where the surrounding

mountains, while they shut out the cold winds, must necessarily shut out a large portion of the daylight. We hope, at any rate, that Mr. Candler's volume, which is very interesting in details, and is a masterly piece of argumentative exposition, will have many non-professional as well as learned readers. It would gain more if he had avoided the needless use of such terms as "etiology," meaning the inquiry into the cause, which some readers may suppose to belong to "etiology"; and other words of hybrid Greek-English, not required even in a strictly scientific discussion. His style, precise, close, and logical, often by its exact recapitulation of clauses reminds us of a judicial summing-up in the Law Courts, and he makes out, in our judgment, a very strong case.

The Present Position of European Politics; or, Europe in 1887. By the author of "Greater Britain" (Chapman and Hall).—The author of "Greater Britain" was avowedly Sir Charles Dilke. These six articles on the foreign policy and military forces, respectively, of Germany, France, Russia, Austria-Hungary, Italy, and the United Kingdom, appeared consecutively in the *Fortnightly Review*, from January to June of this year. As they were much noticed and quoted at the time, both in England and on the Continent, it would be superfluous here to enter upon a detailed examination of the author's views; and most English politicians are just now inclined to await, in a mood of resigned acquiescence, though not of indifference, the future action of the Great Powers with whom we seek no active alliance, and whose designs, if they have any settled purposes, we are unable to check, except with regard to Egypt, the Suez Canal, and the Red Sea, and the safety of India, of our Colonies, and of our commerce on distant oceans. Sir Charles Dilke has been Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, and has travelled and resided on the Continent, associating personally with foreign diplomatists and especially with French politicians, who probably could not greatly deceive a man of his intelligence, but whose expectations he would not fail to learn; it still remains possible that, in some of their expectations, they may have deceived themselves, for men of that class have often been apt to do so. There has seldom been a period when less reliance could be placed on predictions of any positive events greatly altering the mutual relations of the European Powers; and to us, desiring only that they shall remain at peace, the close alliance between Germany and Austria, and the friendship of Italy for those allied Empires occupying the central position on the Continent, seems a very substantial safeguard of general stability, now that the revolutionary era is closed. Retrospectively, indeed, the consolidation of the Italian and of the German nationality, the ascendancy of Prussia, and the transformation of Austria, with a self-governing Hungary, into a new Empire wisely, constitutionally, and liberally ruled, must appear the happiest changes ever brought about within the lifetime of one generation. But the views set forth in this volume are chiefly prospective, and we see no advantage to be gained by estimating the military chances of conflicts which may never take place. With regard, however, to the position of Great Britain, or what Sir Charles Dilke, who ought to be a Liberal Unionist if he were still in Parliament, significantly calls "the United Kingdom," there is much truth in a good deal that he says, but it has all been said by others, whose authority is greater on topics of military and naval administration. In the concluding chapter, which is new, after justifying his opinion that Austria-Hungary, as a military Power, could not withstand a Russian attack on her province of Galicia, and his assertion that the conduct of Austria, in 1870, lured France to her defeat in the German War, he repels, on the other hand, some French complaints of supposed unfriendly references by him to minor affairs in which France has claimed an interest; and he touches slightly on details of British Army and Navy equipment, the reduction of our Horse Artillery, and the danger to our transports from seagoing torpedo-vessels, recognising also the peril of Russian intrigue on the Afghan frontier. But this concluding chapter, like the main drift of the whole volume, is rather inconclusive; though each of the separate chapters is deserving of thoughtful perusal.

The third annual Western Counties' rifle match took place yesterday week at the Dunball range, Somersetshire. The Somerset Twenty were victorious, with a score of 1671 points at 200, 500, and 600 yards range. The Devon team were second, with a score of 1643; Cornwall third, with 1622; and Dorset fourth, with 1575.

In the first week of October a deputation, consisting of about twelve members of the House of Commons, five of whom will be labour representatives, will leave England for Washington, there to present to the President and Congress of the United States a memorial in favour of the conclusion of a treaty which shall stipulate that differences arising between America and England, which cannot be adjusted by diplomatic agency, shall be referred to arbitration. This memorial has been signed by 200 English, Scotch, and Welsh members of the House of Commons. The deputation is to be introduced to President Cleveland by Mr. Andrew Carnegie, who has taken an active interest in the matter. Mr. Cremer, M.P., secretary of the Workmen's Peace Association, will accompany the deputation, as will also Mr. Burt, M.P., president of the association. Lord Herschell and Sir Lyon Playfair will, it is said, join the deputation in America.

MARKETING FOR THE HOUSE-BOAT.

The use of boats provided with shelter and accommodation for a party of ladies and gentlemen during several days is a pleasant expedient in planning an inland aquatic excursion, when there is a sufficiently adventurous disposition to forego the safety and comfort of established hotels. Many young people, no doubt, have a fancy for trying how they can get on with the least possible aid from the ordinary resources of civilisation, and for practising, with no serious risk of actual privation, never being far from a well-supplied country town or village, the amusing shifts and easy tasks, of which they make a sport, imitative of real experiences in some lonely or barbarous region. It is such a merry company who have landed from their commodious "house-boats," moored simultaneously at the river-bank close to the village, and who, disregarding the offer of a good and well-served dinner at the Druid's Head, come to purchase a store of wholesome vegetables and summer fruit at the stalls in the open market-place. Whether they will proceed also to buy eggs and milk, and whether they propose to do their own simple cookery, and to boil water for their tea, over a fire of sticks kindled on board or on shore, must be left to the reader's imagination. Portable stoves, with patent fuel, are contrivances which may readily be added to the furniture of a floating habitation; and there is no absolute necessity for "going gipsying" beyond an agreeable change from the ordinary routine of household life. The artist, Mr. Lucien Davis, has represented this lively scene with considerable spirit; and some persons of a romantic or enterprising temper, or with a humorous relish for the oddity of the situation, may be tempted to accept an invitation to embark on a river-trip under these whimsical conditions.

THE CAMBRIAN ARCHEOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION.

The members continued their sittings at Denbigh, on Wednesday week. Excursions were made to Bodfari, where the ancient church and camp were visited, together with the Caegwyn and Ffynnon Beuno Caves, Tremerchion church, St. Beuno's College, Dyserth Castle, and the old church. Drives were afterwards taken to Rhuddlan Castle, the Priory, and church. Parties were conducted over the various objects of antiquity by Lieutenant-Colonel Mainwaring, Colonel Mesham, and Major Lloyd Williams. Descriptive accounts were also given by the Dean of St. Asaph, the Archdeacon of Montgomery, the Rev. Trevor Owen, general secretary, and others.

Excursions were made on the following day to Ruthin and Llanfair, where the parties were received by Colonel Cornwallis West, M.P., Lord Lieutenant of Denbighshire, and were conducted over Ruthin Castle, the ancient church, which is celebrated for its brasses and carved oak roof, the cloisters, and the old mill. Visits were also paid to Llanrhydd church and Llanfair church, which possesses many features of interest. In the evening several papers were read before the members of the association at Denbigh.

The concluding meetings took place yesterday week, when excursions were made to St. Asaph, where the visitors were received by the Lord Bishop of the diocese, and conducted over the ancient cathedral, the greater portion of which has been restored. Visits were also paid to the parish church, St. Mary's Well, Vaynol Manor House, and Trefynant church. Excursions of great interest were made to Cefn Caves, where human remains of great antiquity, and remains of the bear, hyæna, bison, reindeer, and hippopotamus have been found. Visits were afterwards paid to Penisar, Glascoed Plasnewydd, Ysguborneydd tumulus, and to Badelwyddan marble church, erected by Lady Willoughby de Broke at the cost of £60,000. The annual association gatherings terminated in the evening with a public meeting at Denbigh under the presidency of Lieutenant-Colonel Mainwaring, at which notes on Rhuddlan Priory were given by the Venerable Archdeacon Montgomery, and a paper on Welsh parish records was read by the Rev. Elias Owen, M.A.

New docks at Cardiff were opened last week with much ceremony by the Earl of Dumfries, the eldest son of the Marquis of Bute. This completes a dock system which covers more than one hundred and twenty acres, and provides accommodation for the loading or unloading of one thousand three hundred vessels. Lady Bute cut the first turf of a People's Park at Cardiff.

The Board of Trade have awarded their silver medal for gallantry in saving life at sea to Mr. William Reid, chief officer of the Pacific Steam Navigation Company's steamship Santa Rosa, in recognition of his services in saving, at the risk of his own, the life of a Chinaman who jumped overboard from that vessel in a state of frenzy, in Callao Bay, on April 18, 1887, and in attempting to save the life of the boatswain of the vessel, who jumped overboard and was drowned off the port of Casma, on June 5, 1887.

The gardens of the Inner Temple, which have been open to the public every evening since June 1, have been closed; but the gardens of Lincoln's Inn will remain open until the end of September. Thousands of poor children from the surrounding districts have availed themselves of the privilege thus granted by the Benchers of the Inner Temple and Lincoln's Inn, and it is satisfactory to state that in neither instance has any damage been done, either to the trees, shrubs, or flowers.

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